

B. T. H. S.

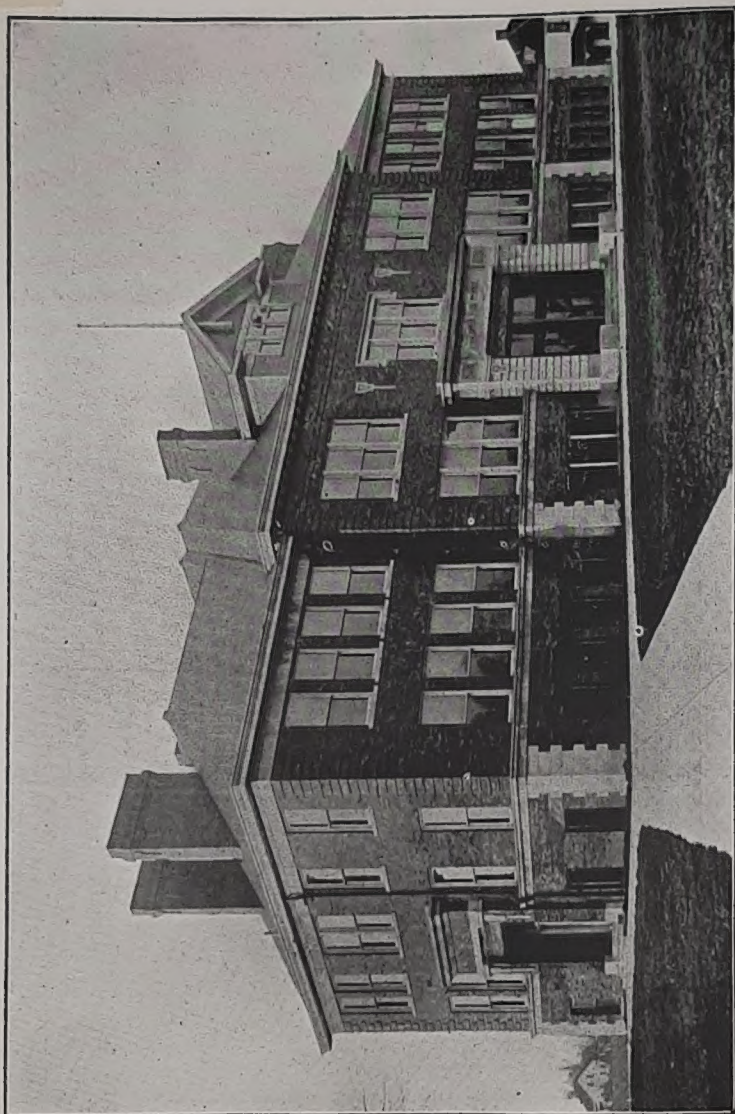


ELMER S. LAKE
A. B. University of Illinois, 1907.
A. M. University of Michigan, 1909.
Principal 1912—1915

Page Three

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BENTON TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

B. T. H. S.

THE NOTNEB STAFF



ELDRED SEYMOUR
Comic Editor



AGNES HIGKMAN
Editor-in-Chief



NORVIN STILLEY
Athletic Editor



HASSIE CRAWFORD
Society Editor



FRANK DAVIS
Business Manager



WALTER ADAMS
Assistant Editor (?)



MADGE S. MOORE
Historical Editor



CHARLEY GOODIN
Cartoonist

THE NOTNEB. '16.

OUR FACULTY



SHERMAN S. KELL
Assistant Principal—Science



PHILIPPINE MARIE PFAFF
German and Latin



CLARA E. HOWARD
History



F. C. HARE
Biology



CHESTA E. MITCHELL
English



ELSIE W. SMITH
Mathematics



EVA M. DUSSELL
Commercial Department



D. J. MISSINER
Manual Training—Athletics
Page Six



HAZEL B. WEST
Household Science

SENIORS

The illustration depicts a building facade with a large central sign and several smaller advertisements. The central sign reads: "1915 SENIOR PLAY. A PLAY THAT WAS NOT. POSTPONED NEXT SEASON". To the left of this sign is a vertical advertisement: "ADS WANTED FOR THIS SPACE". To the right is another vertical advertisement: "ADS WANTED FOR THIS SPACE". Above the central sign are four smaller advertisements: "AGRICULTURAL ADVERTISING OFFICE ALL HOUR PROF. R. WATKINS", "CLOTHING GROCERIES DRY GOODS UNDERTAKING D. DIXON & CO.", "PERFUMERY ORIGINAL PERFUME MANUFACTURER THE RELIABLE HOUSE WALTER MACKIN, M.D.", and "PATENT MEDICINES PILLS. SIX CENTS". Below the central sign are two more advertisements: "ALL KINDS OF PRESSING ESPECIALLY BRICKS. HABERDASHER EVERYONE GET YOUR PANTS PRESSED. E. ROTRAMBL, ATTY." and "BOYS INDIAN MOTOR CYCLES PRODUCES MOST OF LOVING A. MCCOERY, A.T.". The building has a decorative cornice and a series of rectangular panels along the base.

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OFFICE ALL HOUR
PROF. R. WATKINS

CLOTHING
GROCERIES
DRY GOODS
UNDERTAKING
D. DIXON & CO.

PERFUMERY
ORIGINAL PERFUME
MANUFACTURER
THE RELIABLE HOUSE
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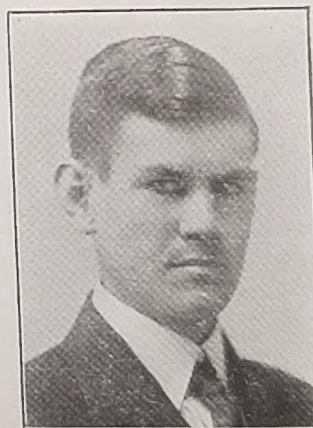
THELMA FISH
"Pickles"
PRESIDENT
"We love her for what she is"



BYRON DIXON
"Parson"
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"



DOROTHY DILLON
"D. D."
"She's the lass for Alex"



EVERETTE ROTRAMEL
"Snapshot Evvie"
"The power behind the throne"



HALLIE HICKMAN
Secretary and Treasurer
"Com"

"There is Method in Her Madness."



RUPERT CUTLER
"Sox"
"Agent for H. S. Life."



MABEL SMITH
"Maybell"
"She's as wise as an owl."



MILDRED SEYMOUR
"Mid"
"The bane of the physics class."



PAULINE RICE
"Pline"
"That old girl of mine."



ALEXANDER McCREERY
"Alex" or "Crook"
"I'll now tell you of Sam McGee."



HELEN CUTLER
"Cuts"
"Slow down on the anti-fat."



RAY WHITTINGTON
"The boy who put the (p) in pompadour."

B. T. H. S.



IRENE GALVIN
"B. B."

"I love the cows and rabbits."



DOROTHY EAST
"Dot"

"Take it from Wassie; she's some girl."



"WALTER McCLINTOCK
"Me and Ray."
(Das Odor!)"



ZINA HARRISON
"Pinky"

"She always has a date on Sunday."

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

The class of 1915, destined to be the illustrious product of the Benton Township High School, entered September 1st, 1911, thirty strong.

We were green, as all Freshmen are, but as the year passed we got used to looking at the Seniors and Faculty without being frightened. We had, of course, to organize our class. Ward Steinheimer was the honored President. We had some discussion as to the choosing of our colors, but finally decided upon black and blue, to which we remained loyal until we became Seniors, at which time we chose green and white.

The Sophs hinted until at length, we condescended to entertain them. The party was a very memorable one, both to the classes and the Faculty. "Stebbins" too, should remember this night, because he handled a gun so skillfully.

Some of our classmates left us for various reasons, and we entered the Sophomore year in 1912, with our number diminished to twenty-five. We enjoyed life, peacefully winning our way into the hearts of the Faculty, and taking great pleasure in teasing the Freshies, forgetting of course, our own experiences as "Frightened Beginners." The one big event of the year was when the Juniors actually entertained for us. We now seemed to take a greater interest in our studies, evidently taking a lesson from our Freshman year.

In 1913 we entered our Junior year, thirteen strong. We had lost still more of our original number. This year we selected a new President, as our old President, who had helped us for two years, left school for more worldly things. Thelma Fish became the next President, making a fine officer all of the year. This year we started the custom of the annual Junior reception for the Seniors. The reception was a great success. The building was elaborately decorated in purple and white, the Senior colors, and our own colors of black and blue.

THE NOTNEB. '16.

We also decorated the church for Baccalaureate, and the assembly for Commencement, thus showing our loyalty to our Seniors.

In 1914, we started our Senior year with vim and dignity. Our number was reduced now to 16. We entertained the Juniors at a Hallowe'en masquerade in the "gym," which was decorated with pumpkins and corn-stalks. Once we became real independent. We had a party at Pauline Rice's home, on a school night and without the Faculty. Hurrah for us! The Juniors carried out the custom that we had started the year before, and royally entertained us at a St. Patrick's party. We two classes have always been good friends and enjoyed an unusually good time. The Freshies and Sophs acted real cute that night, but we will overlook that; they have had their punishment.

We have always looked forward to enjoying many privileges in our Senior year. What a privilege it was that we were so kindly relieved of the pleasure of having a class play. But never mind, we have had so many other privileges that we couldn't really expect such a one as that. (Irony)

The time draws near for bidding farewell to our successors. We will go out in the world showing that we will "Be, rather than to seem."

HELEN CUTLER, Class '15.

it's a long way through B. T. H. S.
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way through B. T. H. S.
It's the longest way I know.
Goodbye, old B. T. H. S.
Farewell, Juniors, too,
It's a long, long way through B. T. H. S.
So farewell, we're through.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

How oft when the toils of daytime are o'er and I sit quite alone, idly dreaming, then visions surround me, of days gone before, and I think of what might have been. Ah yes, things are very different from what might have been. My thoughts often wander to the good old days in 1915, when we were Seniors.

There was dear old Hallie with her "iron" nerves. Ah 'tis sad to think that not a year after being graduated she was shut in a room all alone to paint her walls and furniture with molasses using a feather duster as brush and then laboriously screwing tooth-picks into the floor with curling irons. She soon overcame this weakness, however, and now she is the charming wife of a scientific farmer in the north and they are prospering as they should.

When I used to think of Mildred I supposed she would either be an ardent, sedate member of a Y. W. C. A., or as dashing madly over mountain and plain in a strong automobile or on a wild horse for "Mid" never did things by halves. Now I often read about her in the papers. She is the wife of a rather elderly and very wealthy man, and her brilliancy and wit is ever a source of wonder among the people of her "set."

There was also pretty, polite Pauline. I remember she was called a "flirt" in our Class Poem and we all expected her to "land a big one." She has done nothing of the sort. She is now a very good nurse. She is loved and respected by the patients and nurses and when her soothing touch fails to conquer some fever tossed patient, she has only to begin a song and he is soon resting easily.

Another member of our class was a boy whom we called "Parson." He never distinguished himself by any misconduct in school or out of school. He obtained a position with one of the leading stores in Chicago, but disappointed his employers by wearing loud clothes and running errands for the pretty salesladies so that he soon lost his position as floor walker, and is now married and writing articles on "Socialism." Ah! Byron!

Zina Harrison was a frivolous little body. We all adored her cute ways and her cheerfulness. The boys were almost irresistibly drawn toward Zina and we often accused her of "leading them on." She has experienced a wonderful change of heart, however, for now she does wonderful painting and when the men who flock to her studio, appear more interested in her than in her painting, (of which she is duly proud,) they are banished with cruelty.

Rupert Cutler was certainly a puzzling boy. He did not appear particularly interested in his studies, or in fact, anything at school. He was always rather careless and restless and we wondered if he would not some day be

a great genius in some line. I learned recently that Rupert is a successful singer. He has not been studying very long, but critics have honored him by comparing certain tones of his voice to Chauncey Alcott's.

In our girlish dreams we never had any decided place for Dorothy Dillon. She could always adapt herself beautifully to any position, it seemed. She is now married to a learned Doctor of Philosophy, and it is said his wife is his inspiration, and can often give him helpful and appreciative suggestions for his greatest works.

Everett Rotramel was always rather quiet during his High School career. He secured a position as Secretary to John D. Rockefeller and was rising steadily, when he decided to revolutionize the corrupt business and politics of his day. He made a great stir and his name shall not be forgotten for some time, if he should stop now, which we hope he will not do.

I read this item in a New York paper recently: "Miss Dorothy East and Miss Heen Cutler have just returned from Europe. Miss East has won many encores from titled audiences for interpretative toe dancing. She studied under the great Russian dancer, Professor Rachmaninoff.

"Miss Cutler, who has been studying kindergarten work under Madame Montessori, and has shown remarkable ability, will take charge of several small heirs and heiresses."

Mabel Smith secured a position as a companion for a kind, wealthy old lady in New York and has proved very satisfactory. It is said Mabel will get a fortune some day, and surely none is more worthy.

Alex McCreery became a civil engineer of no mean ability and handled some rather hard projects very well, and is expected to do greater things as his years and experience increase.

Walter McClintock posed for some time as a model for a well known clothing firm. He became quite a lion with the ladies and has always led a rather care free life.

Irene Galvin certainly was a lively member of our class. She was very uncertain about what her vocation in life should be. She had great plans and never thought of one for more than a week. She is now Janitress of the society for the expansion and diffusion of the progressive prerogative of the female sex.

Kay Whittington never said much about his ambitions and we were surprised when he entered a law school. He is now a judge in his home districts and his stern appearance is ever feared by his lawyers and clients, but he is very successful.

THELMA FISH, Class '15.

THE NOTNEB. '16.



SENIOR CLASS WILL

Faculty, Friends and Classmates:

Fifteen, about to die, salutes you.

Contrary to the custom on such cases, and loath as are all members of my conservative profession to establish precedents, only at the behest of my noble client, Fifteen, have I called you together, before her death, to hear her will and to receive her gifts.

I was persuaded to this action by the unusual circumstances of my client.

I dread to tell you, but be calm: The Doctor is here ready to revive all fainting ones, but he cannot attend too many. Here is my secret, keep it well!

A consultation of doctors was called together on Thursday, April the first, doctors never known to fail in their prognostications. They have announced that on Monday, May the thirty-first, Fifteen must die.

Had I known what a commotion you would raise, and how badly you would feel, the President himself could not have dragged this secret from me. My client wishes me to state that, owing to a lightness in the head, caused by its gradual swelling during the last four years, and a heaviness in the heart and other organs, caused by thoughts of parting and over-feasting, respectively, she may have been mistaken in her inventory, but such as she thinks she has she gives to you, praying that you may not believe that it is only because she cannot keep her goods that she is generous.

THE WILL

We, the Class of Fifteen, being about to leave this sphere, in full possession of a sound mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

And first, we direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, the faculty, only enjoining that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp our situation in high school scale has merited.

As to such estate as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz.:

Item I: We give and bequeath to Mr. Lake restful nights and peaceful dreams. We promise him a rest from Fifteen's petitions. No more will we be called upon to bend our haughty knee to supplicate; no more will he be pained to refuse. It has been hard to have our fondest wishes thwarted; it must have been hard for him to have refused so fair a pleader. He has done his duty, but how much easier it would have been for him and us if he had said "yes," especially to the Senior play. Fifteen has always been modest and retiring, and she does not want to be so prominent—on the stage; to have it said that she actually appeared at the Auditorium! We furthermore leave Mr. Lake in complete charge of "Old Rosin the Bow" and "Tenting Tonight."

Item II: We give and bequeath to the faculty as a whole the two favorite and highly prized songs, entitled respectively, "The Little Tin Soldier" and "Maid of Athens." We furthermore leave them a complete military outfit, consisting of all the necessary equipment, in which they are to dress when on sentinel duty in the halls. Special suits of blue are to be provided for the "keepers" of the Assembly.

Item III: We hereby make our kind and respected Board of Education our beneficiary of all our insurance policies, in behalf of their interest and friendly actions in regard to our matters in the past.

Item IV: We give and bequeath to our best beloved and cherished sister Seventeen, now known as the tenth grade, the bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln and may it come to pass that she shall treat him with all due respect. Let us hope also that the price of eggs will be as low for them when they are entertained by Eighteen as when we received our shower.

Item V: We give to the Freshmen the following advice, accepting which will lead them to glory—and contentment: Copy Sixteen; learn to work if not to win; development comes sooner through bearing failures than successes. It isn't fun, but still, look at Sixteen and be encouraged: We bequeath the necessary funds to be deducted from the net receipts of the Senior play to the Freshman Class to be invested in a new pendulum and hands for the clock, and a pencil sharpener.

Item VI: The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the Class of Sixteen the real and rightful successors:

First: The Senior seats in the Assembly hall to which as Juniors they have been unknown to Sixteen. May they be as fond of these seats as we have always been, and may every member show his gratitude for the gift by being promptly in his seat each morning.

B. T. H. S.

Second: Senior dignity is always handed over to the new made lords of the high school world. We are afraid that this will be a strain upon the nerves of the gay and reckless Juniors, but we all hope that they will rise to the occasion, as they sometimes can.

Third: Now comes one thing hard for us to part with. To our successors we leave Mr. Swafford, the "Ever-ready." We beg that they will steer clear of the flag pole and its dangerous surroundings so that he will be undisturbed in his peaceful dreams.

Fourth: Last comes the hardest thing of all to leave—our Senior note books. They contain many things which you will learn that you knew before were not so. Our notebooks are packed or we could tell you many interesting things which makes cowards of us all when we are quizzed about them. But we must not tell you all we learned from these courses in the next five minutes. We will leave them sealed books until next year. If Sixteen gains half the profit and inspiration we have with this faculty, those will be their most precious possessions, as they have been ours, as the yare the things we are precious possessions, as they have been ours, as they are the things we are

Besides these enforced gifts we leave; not of necessity, but of our own free will, our blessing and a pledge of friendship from henceforth. All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality, whatsoever it may be and not herein before disposed of—after paying our debts and funeral expenses—we give and bequeath to our loving principal, Mr. Lake, for his use and benefit absolutely. If he sees fit, he may use the knowledge and startling information we have given him and the faculty at whatever times we have written quizzes and examinations, in the education of our younger sisters. This latter matter is, however, entirely at his discretion. We do hereby constitute and appoint the said Mr. Lake sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We, the Class of Fifteen, the testators, have to this our last will, written on sheets of parchment, set our hand and seal, this twenty-ninth day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand nine hundred fifteen.

SEAL. B. T. H. S.

Signed.—CLASS '15.

HALLIE HICKMAN,
EVERETTE ROTRAMEL,

Attorneys.

SENIOR CLASS POEM

I

Thelma, our President's a dandy,
Though her father, 'tis true,
Helps make the rules
Which we try to outdo.

II

Here's to good old Halle,
Our manual training girl;
With her English and her Latin,
She is always in the whirl.

III

There is Byron Dixon,
Nolen's reliable clerk;
He loves the pretty girls,
Better than his work.

IV

Now Irene Galvin is the next,
She is always bright and fair;
We know she adores her Botany,
And undoubtedly Mr. ——?

V

In the perils of our Pauline,
She is never peeved nor hurt;
But always has a winsome pose,
For she's sure the SENIOR flirt.

VI

Then there is Alex,
The McKendree College lke;
Another famous personage,
He's Motorcycle Mike.

VII

You all know Helen,
You would know her for a mile;
You could never miss seeing
That irresistible smile.

VIII

Here we meet "Dot" East,
On the stage she will be heard,
For she is from Chicago
And the SENIOR song bird.

XVII

Rupert, our class poet,
By his jokes he means no harm
He's a very important personage,
And also our Sergeant-at-Arms.

IX

Then there is Everett,
A good example of the SENIOR fruit;
In years to come he'll find,
More than one way to press a suit.

X

Mabel Smith,
A quiet little lass—
Has been the brightest
Of the SENIOR class.
(With apologies to the rest.)

XI

Walter McClintock,
The bookkeeping shark;
By the grades he got
Made Miss Dussell start.

XII

Well what about Dorothy Dillon,
The school will feel her loss,
Though excellent in her studies
Who'll take her place as Boss?

XIII

We wish to thank the Juniors
For the donation of Ray?
He's lowal to the class meetings
Girls can't scare him away.

XIV

Mildred of our class
Is always gay and true,
But sad to state it
She does love to argue.

XV

Then there is Zina,
Always on the square;
Some might think her hasty
From the color of her hair.

XVI

Now this poem may be,
Like an envelope without a letter
But the idea you must see
Is—I could do no better.

WHAT MADE THE SENIORS FAMOUS

Alex—"The cremation of Sam McGee."

Thelma—"Her lisp."

Rupert—"His mustache."

Hallie—"Manual Training."

Walter—"Oriental Perfume."

"Mid"—"Pauline."

Dorothy E.—"Chicago."

Helen C.—Latin IV.

Ray—"His giggle."

Irene—"Out West."

Mabel—"Her knowledge."

Byron—"His smile."

Zina—"Her hair."

Dorothy D.—"My Alex."

Pauline—"Those charming ways."

Everett—"His kodak."

POEM

When I'm called to report to our dear Camp Fire Leader

She will gaze with dismay, but I canot mislead her.

I'm sure all you girls have only been napping,

So I've taken the liberty to come gently tapping

Your memory. Now don't take offense,

For I only want some of that thirty-five cents.

T. F.

WHY I WANT TO LEAVE HIGH SCHOOL

Written by the Seniors.

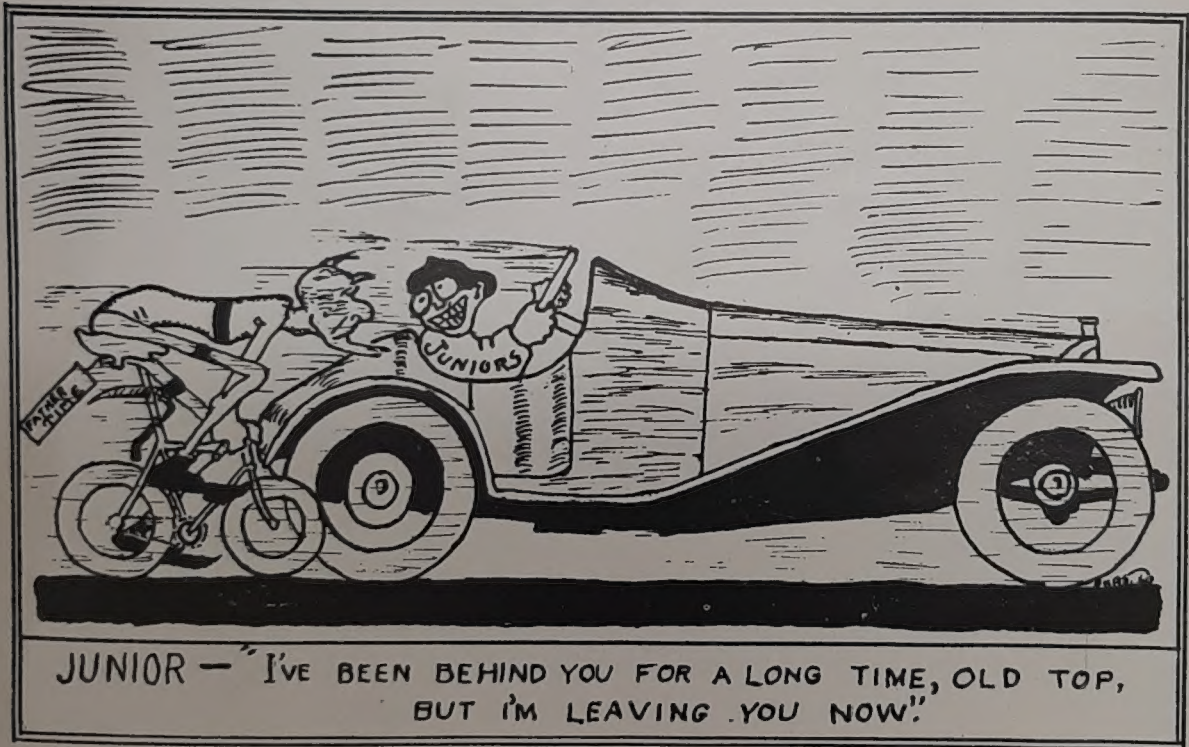
- Irene—to go to Africa and be a missionary.
Helen—I have learned all possible.
Pauline—to hunt a husband with blond hair and blue eyes.
Mildred—to take a vacation.
Zina—to take a special course in artful flirting.
Everett—to grow a mustache.
Dorothy—to explore Egypt.
Rupert—to edit the H. S. Life.
Hallie—nothing in particular.
Helen—to run our auto.
Ray—to teach Latin.
Parson Dixon—to preach.
Walter—to get married.
Dorothy E.—to be a nurse in the war.
Alex—to study oratory.
Mabel—to make money.
Thelma—to teach school (perhaps.)

WHEN IN DOUBT

- About love—see Mr. Missimer.
About bugs—see Mr. Hare.
About Oxford—Miss Mitchell.
About (sparking)—Mr. Kell.
About your place—Miss Pfaff.
About your life—Miss Howard.
About your (Latin) grade—Mr. Lake.
About your privileges—see “Jake.”
About your appetite—Miss West.
About your ability—Miss Dussell.

B. T. H. S.

JUNIORS





THE CLASS OF 1916

CLASS HISTORY

We Juniors came to B. T. H. S. in September of 1911. We were very brave, and bore embarrassing things as well as possible. So by the time we were Freshmen we were not so "green" as one might suppose. We had the eighth grade to take our vengeance on, and that helped a lot.

During our Freshman year we had one social event, a party at the H. S. building. The teachers gave us quite a lot of compliments on our method of entertaining, diligence in school and happy hopes for the future, which we know were sincere, and hope are not without foundations.

In our Sophomore year we practically had the "Athletics" in our hand. Nearly all of the team were Sophs. Some of our boys certainly starred! The rest of the High School had to admit they couldn't do without the Sophs.

This year we started out by re-electing Eldred Seymour as our President, and by electing Sybil Harrison Secretary and Treasurer.

We were and always have been on the best of terms with the class of '15, so this year they entertained us, an unheard of thing for the Seniors to do! We were sure tickled. We also had a party at Herman Kirche's, and another at the H. S. This year the Junior boys made a name for themselves in Basket Ball. "Davy," "Ray," "Curly," Herman, "Nicky," Dewey and "Wassie," all played. The girls were sure proud of them.

Bernice Rains gave us a party at her home in West Frankfort this year. The Junior boys furnished automobiles and took the girls to the party. This is something unusual for a High School class, but you can't beat our class.

Then, this year the boys organized a Junior Boys' Club, the first one in H. S. We are twenty strong this year, and hope we'll all meet again next September. My! won't we make a set of imposing Senahs! Long live the class of '16.

MADGE S. MOORE, '16.

NICKY'S OPINION OF MILTON

(With Apologies to Anthony.)

Friends, classmates, countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to criticize Milton, not to praise him. The poor things that poets write often live after them. The good is often interred in their bones. So it was with Milton.

Someone has said that he was a poet; if so, 'twas a greivous fault and Milton hath grievously answered it. In his "Il'Penseroso," and "T'Allegro," there is no great moral thought brought out that has in anyway helped in changing the morals and manners of any generation. A selection, which, after reading has no good after effect. The idea of the author may be to present pleasingly some little joke to entertain his readers. In this respect Milton has failed.

"On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," is the only poem of his that had any beauty at all. Milton received all his material from some outside source. My heart is not in the poems of Milton, and I must pause until the contents of some greater poem come back to me.

NORVIN STILLEY, '16.

CLASS SLAMS

Ray C.—“Orgetorix, why so pale and wan?”

Hassie—“Please be still long enough for Mr. Lake to make announcements.”

Pearl—“Don’t be so nervous, Pearl, nobody wants him.”

Charlie—“Chas. and Rupert.”

Madge—“Me and Helen.”

Pearl N.—“She has a beau in Whittington.”

Norvin—“Go slow on the gasoline, Nicky.”

Ruth—“She graduates in love in ’16.”

Ruby—“She loves her Newt, but oh that Springfield fellow.”

Leslie—He’s the President of the (Boys’ Club.)

Walter—“The only can in the alley.”

Agnes—“We all know her.”

Herman—“Two dates a week are enough.”

Sybil—“Join in on the chorus.”

Webb—“A whiskey sandwich and Smith’s car.”

Roy N.—“He don’t say much, but when he does, look out.”

Eldred—“All the jokes are on the other fellow.”

Earle—“Let me say to you, dear friends.”

Bernice—“Please keep your eyes on your book.”

Dewey—“I’m the one.”

Arlie—“Me and my girl.” (invisible)

Frank—“Short but sweet.”

THE NOTNEB, '16.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



THE PROPER SPIRIT

It is six o'clock in the morning and Willie is up and ready for breakfast. Mother casts a surprised glance at him, and father grins. "Mama, do you want the wood box filled, after I bring in the coal?" asked Willie. Mother turns and looks. Yes, it's Willie. "Yes, and you may run over and take those tomatoes to Mrs. Jones."

"Yes'm," comes the quick response, and Willie's figure is seen running toward the coal house (with an agility quite unusual for him) carrying the coal buckets. Mother notices Father's gay plaid necktie at breakfast and wonders, but she says nothing. Outside there is an unusual bustle for the little village. What can it all mean? Oh, to be sure! It is circus day. As this fact dawns upon her, Mrs. S. withdraws to the kitchen where she indulges in a bit of exercise recommended for acute indigestion.

Willie comes running in out of breath. "Mamma, they've got the tent nearly up," he bursts out, "and they've got three elephants and a camel and—" just then father comes rushing into the kitchen with his best straw hat perched jauntily on his head, with the bow in front, and calls out, "Come on Willie, It's time for the street parade."

Mrs. Smith set about cleaning up the house with rather a sarcastic expression on her face. Of course, it was to be expected from Willie, but to see Father rushing around with the glorified circus-day expression was too much. She knew that parade wouldn't be for three hours yet. Anyway- she wasn't going. What did it matter?

At half past ten, as Mrs. Smith swept off the front porch, Mrs. Jones passed by leading Harry, who was carrying a balloon and a box of crackerjack. Mrs. Smith laughed outright. Yes, of course, Mrs. Jones had to go and take the children. Meanwhile she inwardly prided herself on her good common sense.

As she seated herself in the kitchen to peel potatoes, she heard a drum. Those potatoes were tedious to peel. She told Father when he got those potatoes they were the size of marbles. Just listen to that band! We all know the effect a circus band has on one. A symphony orchestra cannot compare with it when it comes to arousing the emotions. A sudden desire to see the parade seized Mrs. Smith—an overwhelming desire. She must see it.

Five minutes later she emerged from the house in haste, carrying a blue parasol and wearing a clean blue dress. In the kitchen may be seen a pan full of half peeled potatoes. But Mrs. Smith is looking at a red headed clown in a red chariot driving a white donkey.

The spirit had reached each member of the family in turn.

MABEL SMITH.

A LAMENT

Everytime I turn around,
I see a senior make a frown;
Everytime I ask to speak,
A teacher says, "Please take your seat."
The Juniors call us "Sapheads," and "blubbers,"
And little insignificant "eighth-graders."

OUR CHEMISTRY CLASS

Mr. Kell—"Alex, where else is marsh gas found?"

Alex—"In mines?"

Mr. Kell—"Yes, what is it called there?"

Alex—"Black damp."

Mr. Kell—"No."

Alex—"Well, it's something damp."

Ruby—"Did you girls know that Sofie Myers was married?"

Girls—"No, is she?"

Hassie—"What's her name?"

Ruby—"Mrs. Jones."

Hassie—"Wouldn't Mrs. S. Kell sound nice?"

Mr. K. (overhearing)—"You don't think that impossible, do you Hassie?"

Mr. K.—"In a country where there are more men than women, there are usually a lot of bachelors."

Alex—"That's the reason I'm not married."

Agnes—"Hassie, I'm going to make some pockets in my "chem" apron. My hands get so tired."

Mr. K.—"Maybe that's because they are so heavy."

Mr. K.—"Hydrogen peroxide is used for bleaching."

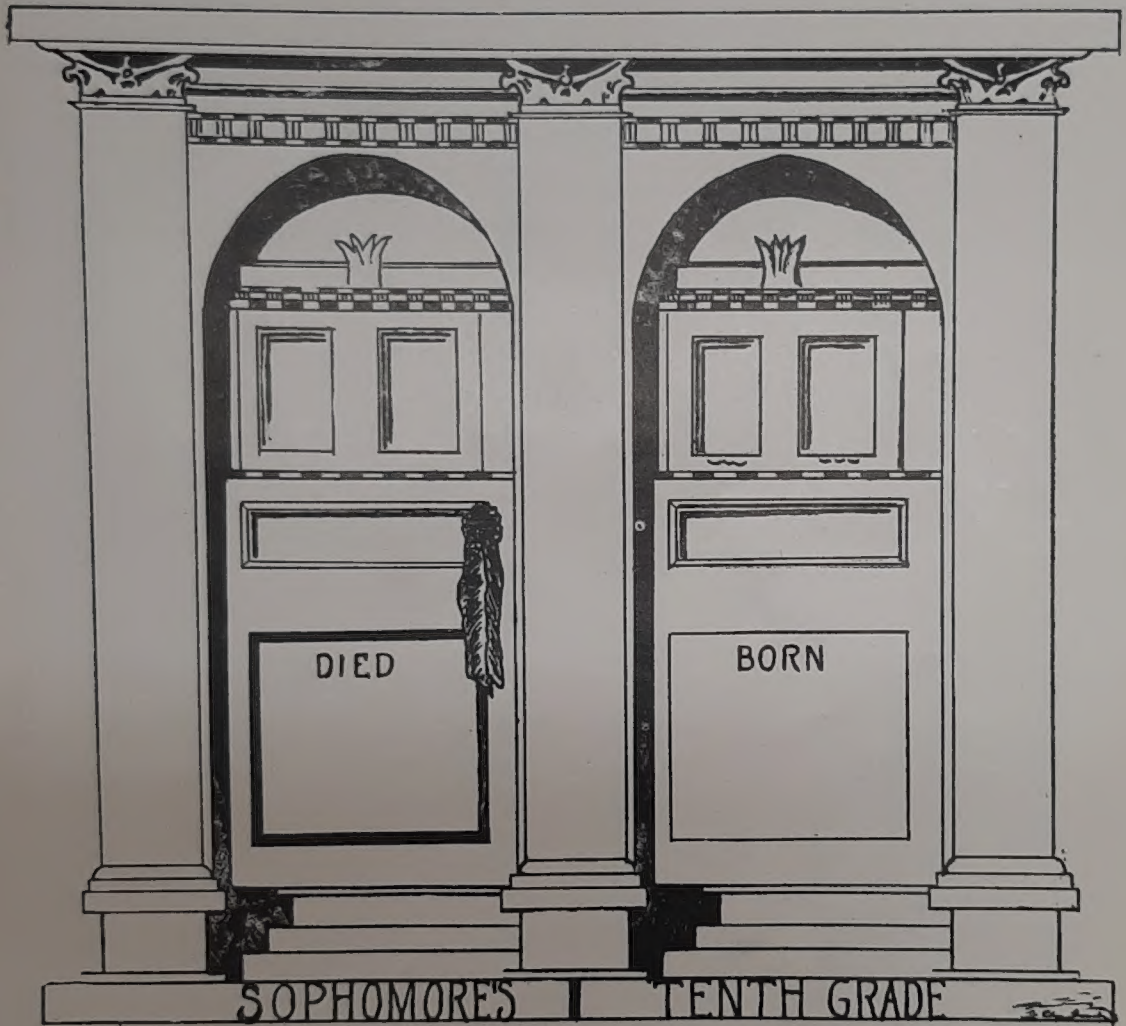
Hassie—"Is that what you used Mr. K.?"

Mr. K.—"Of what is baking powder made?"

Norvin—"Ground up marble."

WHO WILL ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

- Who is the sweet boy in Chemistry?
Why did Hassie call Mr. Kell old sport?
Which does Zina like better, boys or ice cream sodas?
Why didn't Bernice go to the Senior reception with Earle?
Why doesn't Sybil laugh a little?
Why does Hallie curl her hair?
Why doesn't Walter M. use cologne?
Why does Pauline write notes to Earle?
How did the Senior boys grow a mustache over night?
When does Agnes translate Virgil?
Why is Irene so fond of Botany?
Who is Mr. K's. favorite?
Why does Nancy blush so much?
Why doesn't Earle B. cut his hair?
Why do Hallie and Thelma take M. Training?
Who likes the "movies" best? Why?
How does Norvin run his car without gasoline?
Why did Dorothy have her picture made with Byron?
What would happen if Ethel fell in love with Sing?
What kind of a time did the Junior girls have at Johnston City?
Did anyone have a bad cold?
What would happen if Ruth missed Houston at the Post Office?
Why did Ethel cry when Sing was spanked?



SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

By Nancy Browning.

On a warm sunshiny morning, Sept. 1, '12, B. T. H. S. again resumed the routine of High School studies. Apparently the pupils were just ordinary students, but at a first glance, one overlooked the 8th graders, who were quite small, you see. But there was one man on the faculty who realized the great prospects of these girls in pigtails and boys in knockerbockers.

He was quite nice to them all, especially in pointing out the proper class rooms, and then, if necessary, the proper seats. In fact, he showed "Squib" so emphatically that the poor boy has never recovered from the shock. But in spite of the difficulties the greater part of the "muttheads" and "idiots" survived and became Freshmen.

By this time they were quite accustomed to high school life and were noticeably wiser than the average Freshies, even if they did serve brick ice cream with forks at the New Year's celebration.

As Sophs they made the wise choice of green and black for class colors. However, no opportunity came for showing class loyalty until the candy pull, but then, Oh! My! Just ask anybody (except the faculty) if the colors didn't look pretty on the flag pole. After considering the matter carefully agologies were accepted, and the school was informed that the Sophomore class would be known as the tenth grade. And that is probably the reason the "Sophs" refused to have their picture made.

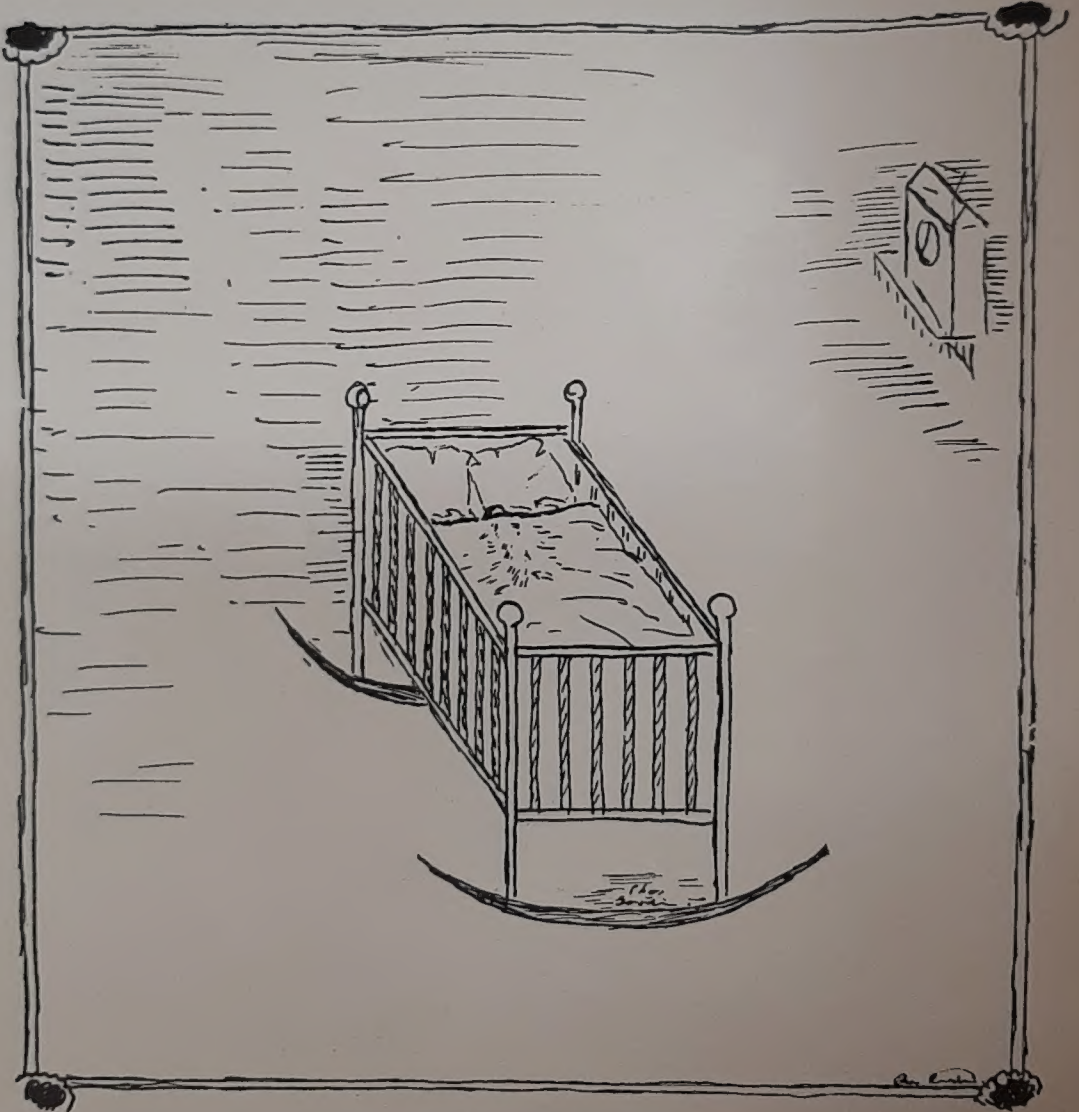
SUCH AS THEY ARE

Pauline—"Juliet."
Earl Stille—"Romeo."
Bob—"Bobbo."
Mary—"Bill's Little'un"
Nancy—"Blondy."
Lucille—"Littlier Aik."
Mary H.—"My Mary."
Burleigh—"Shrimp."
Tim—"Timothy Tight-wad."
Newton—"Doc."
Joe—"1st Class Scout."
Willa—"Willie, the new boy."
Houston—"Box."
Onie—"Household Sc. Girl."
Freddy—"Johnny Bull."
John—"Boots."
Nancy W.—"Miss Smith's cousin."
Frank—"Judge."
Roy—"Roy Darling."
Rhoda—"Little Rhody."
Charlie—"Dreamy Eyes."
Anna—"Irish Colleen."

We love our little "Sophies,"
Just as they are.
And like to see the cunning things,
Out riding in "Grandpa's" car.

A. H. '16.

FRESHMEN



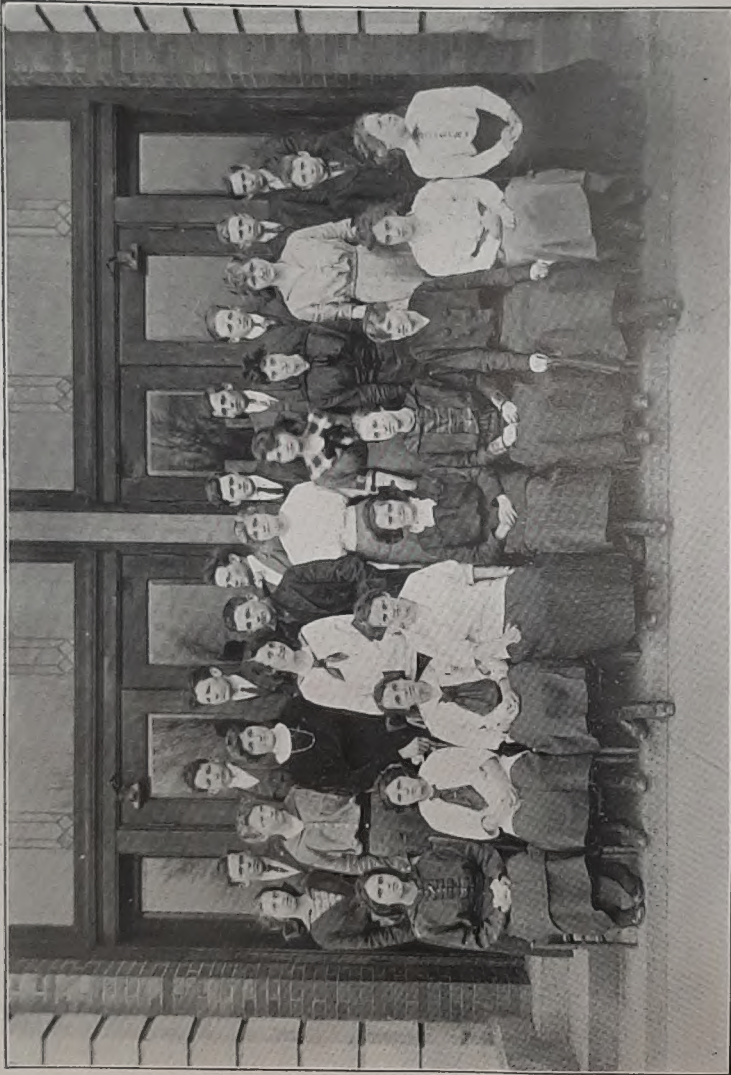
FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

By Ethel Rea.

We Freshmen haven't been here very long. Since we came as Eighth Graders in the Fall of 1913. We were very quiet (being a little frightened) but had a fine time anyway.

We had two picnics, one to Big Muddy river, and the other to Hillan's Ford. Mr. Clowes, Miss McCreery and Mr. and Mrs. Lake were chaperones. By the time we became Freshmen, we were used to High School. The High School pupils had made fun of us for playing "base ball." But we're standing it all right this year. We had a party at the H. S. building this year and all had a good time.

The Juniors had a party and some of the Freshmen boys went as "unbidden" guests. That part of our history is unpleasant to us, but it is never too late to mend. We all hope to graduate together and keep our large number.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

ODE TO THE FRESHMEN

I

We sing unto the Freshies,
A song of deepest praise
That our dear, beloved faculty,
Has taken them to raise.

II

O! Weep not little Freshies,
That this has been your lot,
To fall in the hands of the faculty
Who are Johnny-on-the-spot.

III

You have the deepest sympathy
Of the classes gone before,
Who used the greatest tact
And still kept the faculty sore.

IV

But mind your teachers and your
studies,
Work both good and hard
And when you are wise old Seniors,
You'll be glad that you have
starred.

V

Let us say to your, dear Freshies
As this is our last request,
Take advice from your grown up
ones,
And always do your best.



THE EIGHTH GRADE

B. T. H. S.

WAGGERS

ILLIOLA.

JUNIOR BOYS' CLUB.

SIGMA LAMBDA.

BACHELORS CLUB.

JUNIOR BOYS' CLUB

J. B. C., we understand, may mean a number of good things, but in this particular instance it stands for an organization of boys in the Benton Township High School. An idea was conceived by the President of the Junior class that they organize a Junior Boys' Club. A meeting was duly called, and on March second, in the year of our Lord 1915, the J. B. C. was set forth in the annals of history. The chief resolution adopted was to show the Junior girls a good time, a worthy oath indeed. Also the boys have a high moral standard and hope to benefit themselves in good reading and clean sport.

The first social event was to be an automobile ride to Johnston City after school, but on account of serious reasons, the ride was delayed.

We hope that the Junior boys of next year form a J. B. C., and hand a good thing along. The officers for 1915 are: President, Leslie O. Jones; Secretary, Webb J. Jones; Marshal, Roy. E. Clem.



JUNIOR BOYS' CLUB { Top Row—Adams, Troutt, Kirsche, Stilley, Neunlist
Bottom Row—Goodin, Burgess, Seymour, Jones, Clem, Davis

ILLIOLA LITERARY SOCIETY

The Illiola Literary Society was organized October 13, 1914. The societies were organized for the general mbenefit of the students. Several good programs have been given by both societies on Friday afternoon. We have had several business meetings for the purpose of adopting the constitution and voting in new members. Everyone seems to be interestd in the work and our membership is steadily increasing.

The programs are entirely composed of school talent, although "outsiders" would not be objected to. The bond between the Illiola Literary Society and the Sigma Lambda Society is simultaneous organization. In fact they are twln societies. It was agreed at the first that only friendly rivalry exist between them. The officers are:

Hallie Hickman, President.

Dorothy Dillon, Vice President.

Irene Galvin, Secretary.

Pearl Moore, Recording and Corresponding Secretary.

Dewey Troutt, Marshal.



ILLIOLA MEMBERSHIP ROLL

Chas. Johnston.
 Martha Kirkpatric.
 Hassie Crawford.
 Herman Kirsch.
 Ray McAdoo.
 Paul Jones.
 Leslie Jones.
 Frank Davis.
 Orval Rotramel.
 Alex McCreery.
 Eugene Martin.
 Gerald Lamport.
 Weslie Swofford.
 Charlie Martin.
 Cecile Rowell.
 Anna Flannigan.
 Mary Harrison.
 Zina Harrison.

Eldred Seymour.
 Marjorie Burkhart.
 Lucille Aiken.
 Bernice Rains.
 Roy Clem.
 Thomas Dillon.
 Mr. Hare.
 Earle Burgess.
 John Adam.
 Mr. Kell.
 Ethel Rea
 Ray Whittington.
 Mabel Smith.
 Miss Howard.
 Maude Browning.
 Helen Hutchins.
 Sylvia Rains.
 Miss Dussell.
 Cecile Martin.

Lola Foulk.
 Rhoda Morris.
 Pauline Frier.
 Eddie Davis.
 Nellie Aiken.
 Mr. Missiner.
 Hallie Hickman.
 Dorothy Dillon.
 Irene Galvin
 Thelma Fish
 Arttie Pyles.
 Vern Jones.
 Pearl Jones.
 Pearl Frier.
 Mary Webb.
 Earle Stilley.
 Mary Baker.
 Eugenia Campbell.

SIGMA LAMBDA SOCIETY

The Sigma Lambda Society was organized October 13, 1914. Some good programs have been given and enjoyed by all. The purpose of this society is the improvement of its members in debate, parliamentary practice and literary art.

The society started out with twenty charter members, but has increased to forty-six. There is great room for improvement in all of our work, but we will only learn by experience. We are all glad to have started the Sigma Lambda Society and hope to see it grow stronger in the future. Our officers are:

Walter Adams, President.

Madge Moore, Vice-President.

Helen Cutler, Secretary.

Dorothy East, Recording and Corresponding Secretary.

Mildred Seymour, Critic.

Loran Morgan, Marshal.



SIGMA LAMBDA MEMBERSHIP ROLL

Vern Bauer.
Mary Hart.
Agnes Hickman.
Ruth Ann Webb.
Ruby Freeman.
Ruth Munday.
Lucile Burkitt.
Helen Ransom.
Clifton Hill.
Celeste Dimmick.
Blanche Shirley.
Nancy Webb.
Viola Whitaker.
Leslie Mundel.
Finace Morgan.

Guy Stewart.
Frank Rose.
John Miller.
Dorothy East.
Mildred Seymour.
Madge Moore.
Helen Cutler.
Loran Morgan.
Mr. Lake.
Miss Mitchell.
Pauline Rice.
Max Pulliam.
Richard Meads.
Loran Meades.
Ray Smith.
Fay Martin.

Miriam Cutler.
Norvin Stilley.
Rupert Cutler.
Ray Brookshire.
Houston Howell.
Bill Souther.
Joe Aiken.
Kate Clem.
Virginia Moore.
Miss Smith.
Miss Pfaff.
Obed Williams.
Onie Rose.
Dorothy Dorenbluth
Pearl Foulk.

BACHELORS' CLUB

OFFICERS

President—Singleton Rushing. Secretary—Joe Aiken.
Vice President—Houston Howell. Treasurer—Earl Stilley.
Membership Com.—Newton Alvis. Sergeant-at-Arms—Walter Adams.

COLORS

Lemon and Green

MOTTO

"No Wedding Bells for Me."

FLOWER

Forget-me-not.

YELL

We love the girls, Oh gee!
They love us too, tee! hee!
But since we're free,
We all agree
"No wedding bells for me."

LIST OF MEMBERS

Dewey Troutt.	Alex McCreery.	Herman Kirsch.
Webb Jones.	Frank Davis.	Bob Cantrell.
Bill Souther.	Loran Meads.	Jesse Glover.

HONORARY MEMBERS

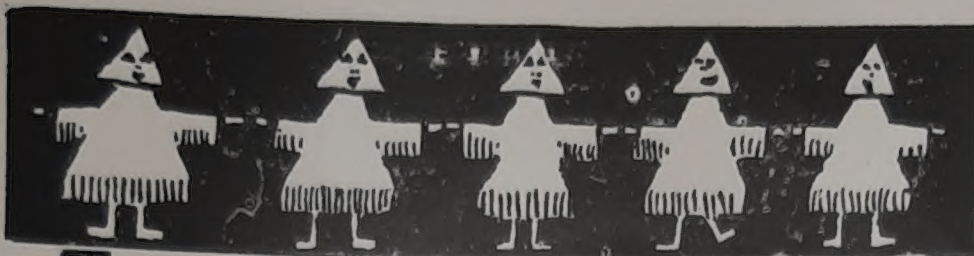
D. J. Missiner.	S. L. Kell
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WOULD BE'S

Roy Clem.	Norvin Stilley
Byron Dixon.	Roy McAdoo.

NOTICE

We wish to state that Jesse Glover is no longer a member of this club since his violating the rules last Spring.



THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS

The Camp Fire Girls is an organization of girls and women to develop the home spirit and to make it dominate the entire community. Hence its ranks should be recruited from those who have ability to do rather than entirely from those who need help.

It is an army of girls—rather than a mission to them.

The organization shows that romance, beauty and adventure are to be found on every hand and in wholesome ways. It shows that daily drudgery may be made to contribute to beauty of living. It deliberately intends to promote happy social life.

It uses beautiful ceremonies—has an appealing ritual and bases rank and honor upon personal attainment. There are attractive ceremonial costumes—honor beads—and decorations. It interprets daily life in terms of poetry, symbolism, color and imagination. Each Camp Fire Girl chooses her own name and symbol, which stands for the qualities and accomplishments by which she wishes to be known.

The Camp Fire Girls have three ranks—first, the girl becomes a wood-gatherer, and holding this rank she is entitled to wear the wood-gatherer's ring, which symbolizes in its structure the seven points of the Law in seven fagots which are bound together by three rings symbolic of Work, Health, and Love. As soon as the girl has completed the requirements of wood-gatherer, record of her membership in the Camp Fire Association is filed in the National office. The second rank is that of Fire Maker, and the third that of Torch Bearer.

Fire is the symbol of the organization, for around it the first homes were built. Camp Fire stands not only for the home, but also for the genuineness and the simplicity of the out of doors.

The symbol of the membership is the standing pine, meaning simplicity and strength.

Wohelo is the watchword. It is composed of the first two letters of "Work," "Health" and "Love."

It is the purpose of the Camp Fire Girl to bring her strength, ambition, her joy and her sorrow to the fire of Human Kindness—the fire that is called the love of man for man, and the love of man for God.

CEREMONIAL MEETING

CHEROKEE CAMP, BENTON, ILL.
GUARDIAN PHILIPPINE MARIE PFAFF



Left to Right—Ruby Freeman, Dorothy East, Mary Baker, Helen Cutler, Madge Moore, Pearl Moore, Hallie Hickman, Thelma Fish, Hazel West, Miss Pfaff, Ruth Ann Webb, Agnes Hickman, Pauline Frier, Nell Aiken, Rhoda Morris, Nancy Browning, Lucille Aiken, Willa Harper, Pauline Carr.



BENTON, ILLINOIS - TROOP NO. 1.

F. C. HARE, SCOUTMASTER.

S.L. KELL - ASS'T.

R.E. HUDELSON - ASST.



EAGLE PATROL

1. JOE AIKEN, LEADER
2. EARL STILLEY, ASST.
3. NORVIN STILLEY
4. PAUL JONES
5. CHAS. GOODIN
6. EARL BURGESS
7. HERMAN KIRSCH
8. WEBB JONES



OWL PATROL

1. RICHARD MEADS, L.
2. JAMES AUSTIN, ASST.
3. FRANK MUNDALL
4. GERALD LAMFORT
5. ARTHUR ADAMS
6. LLOYD RAINEY
7. THOS. DILLON
8. D. ROBERSON.



STAG PATROL

- 1 RICHARD DILLON, L
2 LOUIE MARTIN, ASST
3 CARROLL MOORE
4 LESLIE ODLE
5 JESSE COOPER
6 RAY MONDAY
7 JOHN HEMPHILL
8 CHARLES MARTIN.



THE BOY SCOUT PLAN:

NOT MILITARY, TEACHING HOWEVER 1. BURLEIGH SEYMOUR
LOYALTY, PATRIOTISM, CHIVALRY, ADVOCATING
UNIVERSAL PEACE.



BLACK BEAR P.

1. PAT WRIGHT - L.
2. LAWRENCE MOORE
3. RUSSELL HARRISON
4. BURLEIGH SEYMOUR



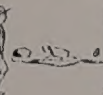
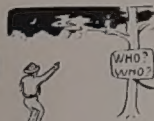
THE SCOUT LAW.

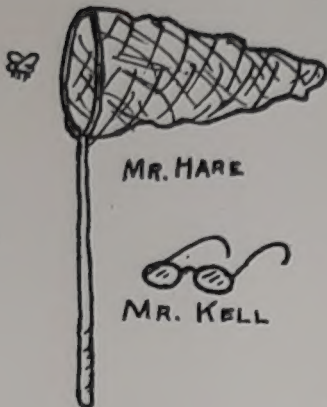
A SCOUT IS:-

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1 TRUSTWORTHY | 7 OBEDIENT |
| 2 LOYAL | 8 CHEERFUL |
| 3 HELPFUL | 9 THRIFTY |
| 4 FRIENDLY | 10 BRAVE |
| 5 COURTEOUS | 11 CLEAN |
| 6 KIND | 12 REVERENT |



Упо! Упо!





MR. HARE



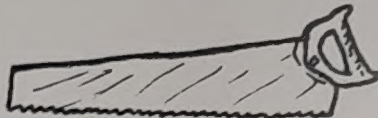
MR. KELL



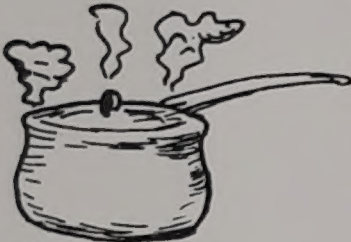
MISS DUSSELL



MISS HOWARD



MR. MISSIMER



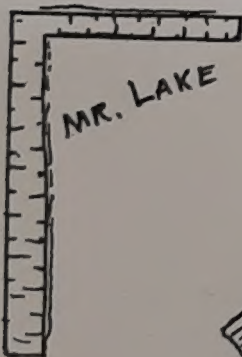
MISS WEST



MISS MITCHELL

1	x	9	=	9
2	x	9	=	18
3	x	9	=	27
4	x	9	=	36
5	x	9	=	45
6	x	9	=	54
7	x	9	=	63
8	x	9	=	72
9	x	9	=	81
10	x	9	=	90
11	x	9	=	99
12	x	9	=	108

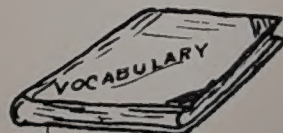
MISS SMITH



MR. LAKE



JAKE



MISS PFAFF

Joe Kiker
H

AS WE KNOW THEM.

B. T. H. S.

ATHLETICS.

BASKETBALL

TRACK

BASKET BALL, '14 AND '15.

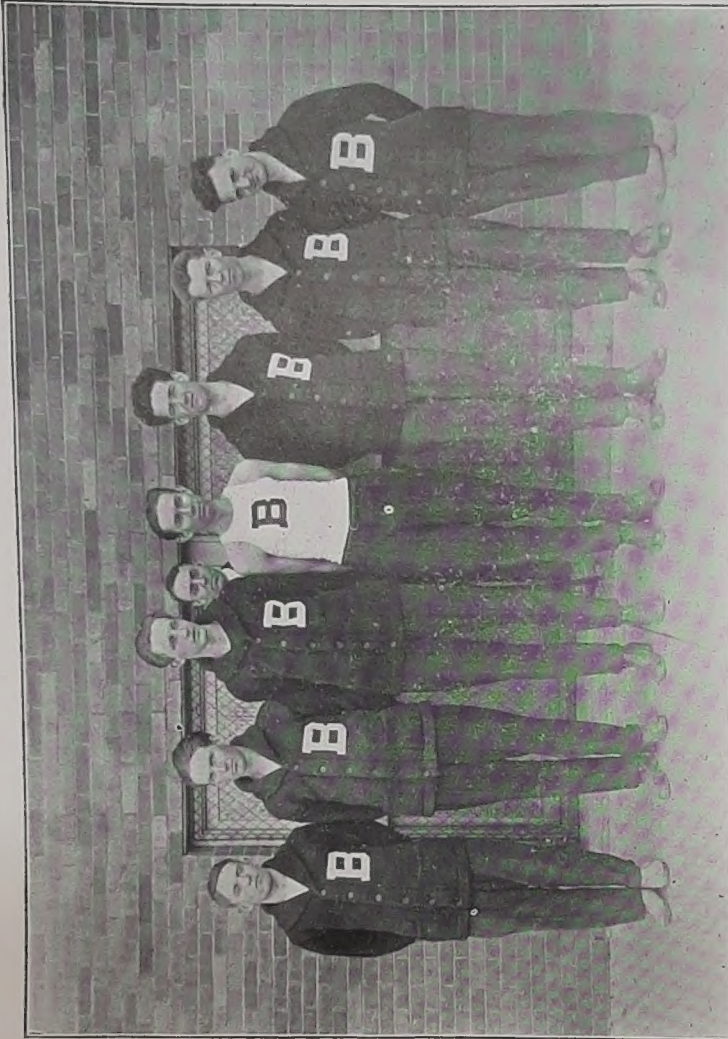
When the call for candidates for basket ball was given for the 1914-15 season, a large bunch turned out. Among the members of last year's team, Seymour, Adams, McAdoo and Davis reported. Eldred Seymour was elected captain and Davis manager.

The first game was played with Marion on their own floor. Benton won by a score of 22 to 16. The next game was with DuQuoin on their floor. Benton lost 19 to 11. This was Capt. Seymour's last game this year, since he was unable to make up work missed on account of illness. His place was filled by Eddie Davis.

Up to February 5, 1915, we had won five games and lost five games. On February 5th, DuQuoin arrived to repeat the beating Benton received in DuQuoin. Benton won by a score of 22 to 18. When the tournament at Carbondale began, Benton had won six games and lost eight.

At Carbondale Feb. 26 and 27 Murphysboro was defeated 28 to 14, Eldorado was also defeated 34 to 17. Then DuQuoin got revenge for our victory at Benton and beat us 36 to 18. Marion lost by a score of 29 to 24. This gave us a tie with DuQuoin for second place. Carbondale was first, and DuQuoin second, having defeated us, and Benton ranked third.

As a whole the 1915 season was a success and next year Benton hopes to win the tournament.



BASKET BALL TEAM

Left to Right—Davis, McAdoo, Kirsche, (Coach) Missimer, Jones, Cantrell, Adams, Seymour

1914—SCHEDULE—1915

Opponent	Score	B. T. H. S. Score
Marion	16.....	22
DuQuoin	19.....	11
Centralia	20.....	22
Marion	19.....	20
Centralia	40.....	6
Carbondale	18.....	16
Eldorado	21.....	19
Cairo	12.....	25
Nashville	35.....	22
Eldorado	16.....	18
DuQuoin	18.....	22
Nashville	37.....	23
Carbondale	49.....	11
Cairo	41.....	21
Murphysboro	14.....	28
Eldorado	17.....	34
DuQuoin	36.....	18
Marion.....	24.....	29
Total Points:	452	367

JUNIOR YELL

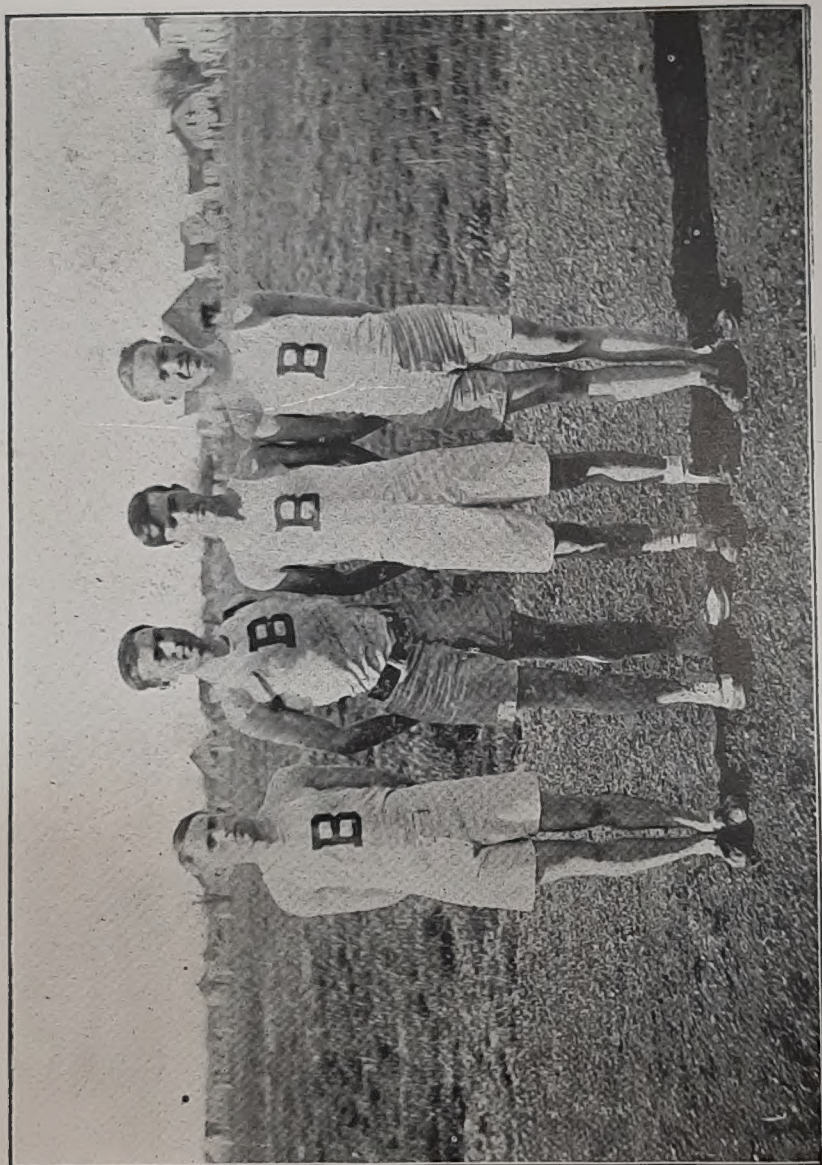
Rickety! Rickety! Rickety! Rack!
 We are all out for the track!
 Our Junior class is all the go,
 The other classes have no show.
 Rickety! Rickety! Rickety! Rack!

E. S. '16.

TRACK—1915

Although we have had no meets to test our ability on the track this year, the candidates who reported for practice on April 12, gave hopes for a very successful season. In jumping F. Davis and E. Davis show the best material.

In the shot put, Frank Rose, Seymour and Tim Cantrell will be our three best men. We are expecting a great deal from F. Davis in sprinting. For long distance runs we have "Nicky" Stilley and "Curly" Seymour. These men are not too heavy and will surely win first and second. The lack of taller boys is sorely felt, but perseverance counts for a great deal. McAdoo is our star in half mile runs. In the high jumping Rotramel and Jones should place in each meet. We hope that "Little Aik" will take his brother's place as one of the best vaulters in Southern Illinois. With this material and early start, Coach Missimer will coach a winning team.



TRACK TEAM
Dayls, Rose, Aiken, Sulley

THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



Top Row—Fay Martin, Miriam Cutler; Second Row—Martha Kirkpatrick, Helen Cutler, Marie Huelbig, Pearl Moore, Rhoda Morris; Bottom Row—Nancy Browning, Blanche Shirley, Lucile Aiken.

The Athletics of the girls has never gone farther than Basket Ball. We are given the "gym" on Tuesday and Thursday. The team consists of H. S. students and also the eighth grade. The girls take a great interest in playing and have had several good games against the girls of different classes. Miss West is the coach, and has trained the girls thoroughly in Basket Ball. This should be one of our strongest interests and everyone should be willing to boost.

JEAN D'ARC

By Agnes Hickman

Jean D'Arc was born at Domremy in the valley of the Muse on January sixth, 1412. Her father, Jacques D'Arc, was a prosperous villager and her mother, Isabeau Romee, was a devout and energetic woman. This couple had five children of whom Jean was the fourth. The stone and plaster cottage of Jacques D'Arc was separated from the church by only a small grave-yard. His home, which had four or five rooms, was much better than most of the homes in the village. Jean's room was next to the church, and often in the night she saw the light burning on the altar and bowed her head in prayer.

Jean helped her father and brothers in the field and garden. They owned large flocks of sheep and cattle and the garden was filled with honey bees. Jean was a very sweet, modest girl and very religious. Her playmates often spoke of her love for prayer and her devout manner. But she was a bright, happy child and delighted in helping her mother in spinning, baking and sewing. Her playmates were very fond of her. She was good, gay and keen-witted.

It was during Jean's girlhood that the Hundred Years War between France and England was waging. Jean heard much about the terrors of war and the destruction of her country. Often soldiers passed the cottage and Jean was delighted at their shining armor.

On a hill behind the cottage was the chapel of "Our Lady Beaumont," and a statue of the Virgin Mary holding the baby Jesus. On Saturday, which is sacred to the Virgin, Jean often made a little pilgrimage to this shrine. Perhaps her sister Catherine went with her, carrying sweet smelling candles and baskets of flowers. Jean was often saying her prayers when her mother thought she was at work in the fields.

And so Jean grew to girlhood, tall and beautiful, sound in body and mind. She had learned something more of the misfortunes of war and grieved over the sorrows of that country whose King was the Lord in Heaven. As she grew older she thought more and more about these things. Once when she was in her father's garden, a light shone around her and a voice spoke to her. It told her to mind her father and mother. The voice came to her again and again when she was praying and kneeling in the church. She said it was the voice of God and her faith deepened. She locked the divine secret in her heart and showed much more tenderness towards her parents. All the village people loved her and she was always sent for to care for their sick. She was always faithful in her prayers and offerings and gave the church flowers and candles to say masses for her. For nearly four years she put aside the gayety of girlhood and lived her simple devout life. To her the church was the threshold of Heaven. The voice came stronger and stronger to her: "You must go! You must go! Daughter of God, you must go to the aid of your people."

In the spring of 1428 the fortunes of France had gone from bad to worse. The poor weak dauphin was wondering whether to give up the fight

or worry along with the troops. The time had come; the peasant girl was to be summoned to her incredible destiny. "Go into France," the voice urged. "Go to Robert de Baudicourt and he will furnish you with an escort."

Jean knew now that her life's work was marked out for her. She must go to the dauphin and lead the French forces. The first question was how to approach Baudricourt. Everyone knew him as a rough, war-hardened veteran. Jean's father dreamed one night that she had gone to lead the army and upon awakening in the morning he told her that if she ever did this thing she would be drowned by him.

She went on a visit to her cousin and on pretense of making a visit she went to see Durand Laxart. She told him she must go to Robert de Baudricourt and be directed to the dauphin. "Was it not foretold formerly that France should be desolated by a woman and should be restored by a maid?" she asked, and Durand yielded and took her to Vancouleurs. Here she interviewed the rough Baudricourt, and after having been ridiculed for a witch and an evil spirit she was given proper escort and started on her way to France.

It was a long and dangerous road to Chinon where the dauphin was holding his court, but Jean was not afraid, believing and trusting in God. The whole country was devastated by war and they saw much trouble and suffering as they passed along and this misery only urged Jean on. She was only seventeen years old at this time and the way to be travelled was over three-hundred miles. Some of the followers of Jean were worried as to the outcome of their journey, but she always quieted their fears by her faith in God. On the morning of March sixth they rode into Chinon and Jean stopped at an inn. The dauphin, having heard of her presence in the city, sent his men to see her. They were unable to see any harm in her and finally allowed her to enter the gates to the castle. Here she was ridiculed and made fun of by the courtiers, but she advanced to the King, and kneeling, delivered her message. "I am come to deliver France out of the hands of the enemy," she said. The King was very weak and not able to rule during such a time of strife, but in Jean's eyes he was the strongest man in the kingdom. She stayed several days here at the court and her gracious manners and stately bearing were the admiration of all the ladies. At last she marched to Roitiers with the King and his retinue.

Here as before she was questioned by all the wise men and they tried to trick her, but she always answered that if they would only give her an army that she would overcome England. At last, dressed in her rich dress and looking like a handsome boy, she left for Tours with a troop of soldiers. She was fitted out by an armorer, her suit costing one hundred livres. She went to the priests of the church of St. Catherine and they sent her an ancient sword which was buried behind the altar. In this she had all faith.

She was given four or five more troops of armed soldiers and they set out on their march for Orleans. Here she marched in triumph up the streets greeted by everyone and telling all that they were good Christians and that God was going to save them. Then she and her company marched to the home of Jacques Baucher where they were to be lodged. She was not quite ready to make an attack on the English, who, having heard of Jean had called her

witch and derided her followers. She was eating her breakfast the next morning when a messenger called.

He announced that the English had attacked some French soldiers. The maid leaped up and donning her armor, jumped into her saddle. The captains followed as they could. The English were repulsed and several prisoners were taken. They returned to the city and gave thanks and praise in all the churches. She was their leader and her battle cry was, "In the name of God, follow me."

The siege of Orleans was raised. The French loved their leader and fought better than ever before. The attack on the English fortifications began at six in the morning and waged without cessation for thirteen hours. A hundred times the French mounted the walls of the English bastille and a hundred times were thrown back. The maid was everywhere at once encouraging her men. She was wounded on the shoulder and she was afraid and cried as any girl might have done. Then she was borne out of the fight by her men. The English retreated and Jean ordered the priests to say mass. There would be no more fighting that day.

The dauphin Charles was a very weak man, but he had all faith in Jean. She was the direct cause of his crowning and was the only one who thought him brave and strong. During his coronation she stood by his side and was a sight indeed in her flashing armor. All the French believed that since Orleans was restored that they would conquer the English. But the King was so cowardly that he could hardly be forced to leave his court and go with the army, and he was never seen at the head leading his men.

Jean later made an attack upon the English stationed at Paris, but was wounded and defeated. However, her fearlessness of character was never lost. The last battle was fought at Compiegne. She left Crepy with two-hundred men at midnight, and by quick riding through the forest paths, evaded all troops and entered Compiegne at dawn. There is only legend to tell us of her day in that city. Nearly seventy years later, two old men said they were at mass in the church of St. Jacques on that morning, and the maid was there and many other people of the city, including a hundred little children. About five o'clock that evening she rode out to the barracks of the English in order to surprise them. They were surprised, having laid off their armor, and the maid repulsed them several times. But they received reinforcements. She was separated from her people and surrounded. "Give me your faith," they cried. One seized her bridle, another her wrists, while another dragged her from the saddle. "I have given my faith to another than you," her voice rang out, "and that oath will I keep."

The English were as pleased with the capture of Jean as they would have been over the capture of five-hundred French officers. She was carried from one castle to another to insure safety from flight. The weak King Charles offered not one sou for her ransom, but the people at Orleans did not forget her, and offered all they could for her release. However, the English were unwilling to give her up.

She desired death more than being in the hands of the enemy and one day she leaped from the window to the court below. She was picked up as dead, but later recovered. The woman at the castle urged her to put on woman's dress, but she refused, saying that her work was not done.

Early in December the maid was taken from this place and for the last time rode in the open with a good horse under her and men-at-arms, even if enemies, about her. The little cavalcade stopped at the castle of Philip Augustus, where Henry of England was to be received before Christmas day. But Jean was to know nothing of the guest and was immediately locked in a cell. For the first time she was heavily fettered. Even at night her ankles were ironed and fastened to a chain which passed under her bed and locked to a heavy beam at the foot.

She was kept in prison about two months before she was called to the court for a public hearing. All the men of letters were determined to kill her and brought false witnesses against her. She always answered them with wit and knowledge and the judges were surprised at her learning. She was watched day and night by rough, brutal men at the prison and she was tired and worn out with the trial. The judges asked her all kinds of questions and sometimes she flatly refused to answer. After all she was just a nineteen-year-old girl and was unable to stand all that she was called on to bear.

She at last fell ill with a fever and when she called for a doctor, she was told by the judges that it was only the evil spirits working on her and that she was not really sick. At last, when she got no better the doctor was sent for and found that she had a bad attack of prison fever. She was urged to put on a dress all the time, but she answered that God's will was that she should wear her armor, and she must follow it out.

She was forced to wear heavy chains until she became very sick. She was called to the hearings every morning for several hours and every afternoon for several hours, and when her answers were unsatisfying to the judges she was put in a box of torture and treated outrageously. Her only answers were that God would punish her tormentors and finally they saw her deep devotion and ceased torturing her.

At last she was to decide her fate. If she should take off her male attire and put on woman's clothes, she could remain in prison. But if she insisted upon wearing male attire, she would be burned at the stake. One of the priests who had heard her at confession and did not doubt her purity, pleaded with her to put on a dress or otherwise she would be killed. She absolutely refused, giving the same reason that she had given before.

The sentence was pronounced and she was to be burned at the stake. When the slender, pale-faced girl, with short cut hair came before the people, most of them burst out crying. The burning was held in the public square and Jean was led to a high scaffold. She asked for a cross and one was rudely made and handed to her. She took her place quietly, and as the fagots were being piled about her, and the flames chept up, she began to cry and prayed to God to forgive her condemnors. She cried Jesus' name, and her last words as her head fell upon her breast were, "It is the will of God."

THE TRANSFORMATION

A Story in Four Parts

By Mildred Seymour, Pauline Rice, Max Pulliam
and Ray Whittington.

CHAPTER I

By Ray Whittington.

"Is that society of jabbering Old Maids to meet here again today?" asked John Graves Haviland of his sister, Miss Matilda, when he rose to quit the breakfast room. On receiving a negative answer, he gave a long sigh of relief.

"I never have a minute of peace with all that gossiping going on around me. In my own home I like to enjoy a few quiet moments once in a while."

With a tearful expression in her eyes, indicating long suffering, Miss Matilda left the room. In the hall she encountered her neice, Mazelle, who lived with her and her brother.

"I can't imagine what ails your Uncle John this morning," she sighed. "He is always grouchy, but this morning he is almost unbearable."

"Perhaps his gout is worse, dear Aunt Matilda," said Mazelle consolingly.

A door suddenly slammed and Miss Matilda ran to a window just in time to see her brother driving down the street at high speed. She dropped the morning papers and they fell unnoticed at her feet. Grasping the telephone from the stand she called, "1044-3, yes, Dr. ——— please."

"Hello, is this Dr. ——— speaking? This is Miss Matilda Haviland. I am very worried about my brother, John! The medicine you prescribed seems to have no effect. He acts very queerly this morning. I'm almost afraid his mind is unbalanced, so won't you come down at once?" There was a pause, and then she said in a relieved voice, "Oh, very well, I shall expect you immediately."

As Dr. ——— was stepping into his car a few minutes later, he was hailed by a friendly voice. "Good morning, Doc! Say that last medicine you gave me was sure the stuff. I'm feeling tip-top this morning."

As Haviland drove on, the Doctor smiled knowingly to himself, and went back into his office.

All morning Miss Matilda watched for the doctor, wondering why he did not come. She was glad that he did not appear, for she was ashamed of herself for being so hasty.

At eleven o'clock, John Graves' runabout drew up at the door and he alighted, accompanied by a young man. They were talking and laughing like old friends when they entered the library and accosted the astounded gaze of Miss Matilda.

With a chuckle, Haviland presented his young friend to his sister. "Mr. Gardiner—, my sister, Miss Haviland. Matilda, this young man is to be my companion." He was interrupted by a slight rustling sound, and Mazelle entered the room.

B. T. H. S.

CHAPTER II

By Mildred Seymour.

As Gardiner turned, he saw, standing in the arch-way between the parted portieres, a beautiful girl, slender, with golden hair and deep blue eyes. The attraction was evidently mutual, for Mazelle was greatly impressed by the pleasing appearance of this dark, handsome young man.

Mr. Haviland said, "Gardiner, my niece Miss Haviland. Mazelle, my companion, Mr. Gardiner."

Miss Matilda, disgusted, beckoned to her niece and haughtily left the room. As Mazelle turned to draw the curtains upon leaving the room, she glanced back at Gardiner with a shy smile.

"My sister has some queer opinions now, but she will change them," predicted Mr. Haviland, as he rang for Pompey, the old negro servant.

"Yes, I saw she was displeased," replied Mr. Gardiner, thinking of Mazelle's smile.

When Pompey entered, Mr. Haviland said, "Show Mr. Gardiner to the blue room, and see that his trunk is taken up."

"Yes Suh," answered Pompey.

As Gardiner followed the servant, Mr. Haviland called after him, "Luncheon is served at one-thirty. At two-thirty we have an appointment with my tailor."

After luncheon Mazelle decided to call on her chum and tell her of the dark-eyed young Gardiner. She knew Aunt Matilda was going to the club and could go alone.

The next morning John Graves awoke and found it a dark rainy day. Indeed he felt rather grouchy himself. When he tried to walk he found his troublesome gout had returned. He rang for Pompey and ordered, "Call Mr. Gardiner, and serve breakfast in my room."

Miss Matilda had been alarmed at her brother's actions the preceding day, but today she was terrified. His usual grouch had suddenly returned. Why! John was literally "tearing up the place" as Priscilla, the maid, exclaimed. Miss Matilda said she had never before seen such actions from a Haviland. And such a grouch! One could not live in the house with him and live in peace. Miss Matilda said to Mazelle, "I really believe that John is losing his mind."

Miss Matilda determined she would find out what the trouble was. She looked through the Want Ads of the "New York Herald." Stepping to the phone she called, 5103-2.

"Is this Mr. Greensleeves?" she asked.

"All right, at three this afternoon," she finished the conversation.

Miss Matilda seemed satisfied with herself after the telephone call.

"I won't have cause to worry now," she exclaimed to Mazelle. "I have made an appointment with the clever detective, Mr. Percival Greensleeves."

As Miss Matilda walked into the room 403, Times Building, that afternoon, a dapper young man arose and greeted her. "Miss Haviland?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Greensleeves, I presume?" returned Miss Haviland.

After Miss Matilda had explained everything, Mr. Greensleeves remarked, "Very strange, indeed, but then I will shadow him and report to you in a few days."

Miss Matilda returned home comforted.

On the second morning of Gardiner's presence in the Haviland household he found Haviland waiting for him as he descended the stairs. Gardiner thought, "What can this mean? Is this the same man I saw yesterday?"

John Graves stood smiling as he remarked, "Good morning, Mr. Gardiner. Fine day to drive, isn't it?"

The grouch had suddenly disappeared again, and Mr. Haviland was as joyful this morning as he had been grouchy yesterday. The weather had also changed. The preceding day had been damp and dreary, but today was beautiful and sun-shiny.

Later in the day Mr. Haviland decided he would like to go to the theater. John Graves asked Gardiner, "Would you like to go to the theater this evening? I would like to go."

"Yes very much indeed," remarked Gardiner. "Let us go to the Metropolitan." "Very well," consented Mr. Haviland.

That evening at the theater Haviland and Gardiner were taken to the wrong box. Gardiner knew the people, and when he and Haviland were invited to stay they decided that they would.

Mr. Haviland became greatly interested in Miss Barti, who was a brilliant young woman. He enjoyed talking to her so much and required so much of her attention, that they could not listen to the play.

Upon leaving the theater Haviland and Gardiner joined Miss Barti's party and took supper with them.

Haviland was very much elated over the evening's adventures and thought about them on his way home. Little did he consider what Matilda might have been doing or what she would say when she heard of his actions. He did not suspect what awaited him in the morning.

B. T. H. S.

CHAPTER III

By Pauline Rice

On the morning following the theater party, Haviland awoke with a keen sense of pleasure in life. After a careful toilet and a light breakfast in his room, calling his young companion, he went to the garage.

According to his master's directions, the chauffeur had the car in perfect order.

Taking the driver's seat, and drawing on his driving gloves, without a backward glance, Haviland drove speedily down the driveway.

Not fifteen minutes after the two men had gone, a young man was ringing the door bell at the front door. Pompey opened the door to receive the early caller. He was greeted by a bland smile, and, "Ah, my good old fellow, is Miss Haviland in?" Pompey cast one disdainful glare at the self-confident youth. Taking the card which the young man extracted from an expensive, engraved card-case, he gingerly deposited it on a tray, and looked it over. What he read was, "Mr. Percival Greensleeves," and below, the words "Amateur Detective."

An irrepressible titter came to the young man at the door, but he was so absorbed in silent contemplation that he did not notice it. Twirling the broad black ribbon which fell from his shell rimmed spectacles, he stood impatiently waiting.

Entering the library, Pompey found Miss Matilda sitting in a straight-backed chair, writing a paper for her club meeting. Taking the card from the tray, she said, "Show the gentleman in immediately."

Without a word, Pompey left the room and ushered in Mr. Percival Greensleeves, with a great solemnity, and a sarcastic smile on his face.

Without pausing for any commonplace remarks, after greeting Miss Matilda, Greensleeves said, "I regret to say, my dear Miss Haviland, that I have distasteful news for you. Last night I followed your brother and his young companion to the Metropolitan theater, where, to my astonishment, I saw your brother in a box with a gay theater party. He was engaged in an animated conversation the entire evening."

Percival's exaggerated Bostonian air quite carried Miss Matilda off her feet, figuratively speaking.

"This young lady in question," Greensleeves continued, "is a designing young woman. I have met her myself, at some of the best homes in the city. Although she is poor, she associates with the highest families. She is doubtless merely setting her trap for the old duffer on account of his money."

Percival refrained from explaining that he, himself, had at one time, been quite head-over-heels in love with Miss Barti, but she had coldly refused him, when he did her the honor of asking her to become Mrs. Percival.

Miss Matilda's indignation was unspeakable. She could hardly bear it. To think that a Haviland would conduct himself so unseemly and, an old bachelor too—and her dear brother. Oh! It was too shocking. Rising, she drew herself up with dignity. "My dear young man, you have done admirably, and I congratulate you on your wonderful detective ability. If you will excuse me—" She stepped to the door, summoned Pompey, and when he appeared, said, "Ask Miss Mazelle to come to the library."

When she was again seated, the animated conversation was again resumed. Mazelle entered quietly, and in a soft sweet voice said, "Did you want me, Aunt Matilda?"

Percival arose with alacrity. He bowed with wonderful grace, when Mazelle was introduced. Miss Matilda's admiration for the young man increased while Mazelle's disgust was plainly stamped on her face.

Miss Matilda had hitherto been very averse to the presence of young men in her home, but this young fellow was an exception. (Indeed, he was; others called him an exceptional idiot.) He would be the proper match for her lovely niece. Yes, and she, herself would make the match!

Business abandoned, Percival lent his whole soul to being entertaining. He was carried away by his own eloquence. Miss Matilda was charmed; Mazelle, sitting quietly in a deep rocker, where she could see the driveway, leading to the garage, was bored almost to death.

As the hall clock chimed eleven, Greensleeves gracefully departed, leaving behind him cigarettes and Oriental perfume.

Mazelle escaped as soon as possible, but Miss Matilda lingered in the library. Mazelle had seen her uncle John and Gardiner drive to the garage and she was anxious to be out of her aunt's sight. More interesting things called her.

In the library, as the clock struck one, Mazelle and Gardiner were sitting in a shadowy corner, deep in conversation. The luncheon bell rang, but still they talked on.

Would not Miss Matilda have been horrified to see her neice talking with this young fellow, who had been in their home only three days? But Miss Matilda was not near; fortunate providence kept her far away. Fate was aiding the young people.

At two, Gardiner was taking leave of Mazelle. His voice was joyful, as he said, "So she is going out at five?"

Mazelle nodded, smiling happily.

"At five-fifteen, I'll have a taxi at the door and our train leaves Central Station at five-forty seven. Before dear Aunt Matilda returns, we will be on our honeymoon," said Gardiner softly, "and—"

A loud ring at the door interrupted him, and in a moment, voices were heard in the hall.

Mazelle and Gardiner fled from the room as the voices drew nearer.

CHAPTER IV

By Max Pulliam.

The dainty Chinese clock on the mantle chimed three as Greensleeves was admitted by Priscilla. Poor Priscilla! The revolution that had occurred in the Haviland household was certainly telling on her. Her honest black face had changed to a chalky grey and she was severely costumed in the black and white of a fashionable waiting maid. She was no longer plain old Priscilla, the servant of all work, but Priscilla the chic, precise maid of an aristocratic family. She had confided in Pompey in the secrecy of the butler's pantry that she had "nevah seen sich carryin' ons in a puffictly 'spectable suthin fambly."

"Ah! I say, old girl, is Miss Mazelle in?" chirped Greensleeves seating himself on the divan and dusting his trousers with an ineffeminate air. Priscilla glanced at him askance. That the Havilands, of all people, should receive this creature into the family! It was beyond comprehension.

"Miss Matilda said for you to wait sub. She will be down soon."

"Oh, very well. It will be an enjoyable interval spent in the company of my dear Pope," he said as he extracted a volume of poems from his pocket.

Priscilla evidently thought that it was another case of insanity if she were to be judged by the alacrity with which she left the room. Greensleeves was deeply absorbed in "The Essay on Man," when he suffered a rude interruption. A tall man with an armload of travelling bags, sneaked into the room and stumbled over the toe of the sleuth, thereby precipitating most of the luggage on the floor. There was much profanity on the part of the tall man, and Greensleeves instantly recognized him as the man he had shadowed the night before.

"Who in the deuce are you and what are you doing here?" cried John, making a somewhat futile effort to regain what luggage he had dropped without spilling the rest.

"Ah! Er! My name is Greensleeves, Percival Greensleeves, and I am here on business with your sister."

Haviland eyed him from head to foot and then with a contemptuous snort he turned away. "I never could understand that sister of mine," he muttered, "she is always doing some fool thing."

Greensleeves removed his speeacles and wiped them spasmodically with a silk handkerchief. Haviland finally succeeded in picking up his baggage and he started for the door. He stopped, however, and returned to the detective who was slumped down in the divan in a somewhat wilted condition.

"Don't you dare tell my sister that you have ever seen me," he cried. "I'll wring your neck if you do, you little shrimp." At that moment footsteps were heard in the hall and John rushed out.

Greensleeves was in a very beruffled state of mind when Miss Matilda entered the room. As he arose to meet her, he dropped his glasses and groped blindly for them a moment, and then quickly regaining all of his old composure, he greeted her warmly.

"Ah! Miss Haviland, I hope that you have fully recovered from the distressing occurrence of this morning," he purred, "I have just had the most delightful encounter with your brother: I see that he must be going abroad as he left here with a great heap of baggage: I trust and hope that he will be completely cured of his distressful obsession on his return." Matilda's face wore a troubled expression. John gone! What could it mean? Had he gone so far in his insanity as to desert his loving sister and niece, the only relations that he had left in the world? The strain of the past few days had been too much for the old lady. Sinking on the divan, she burst into tears.

"There, there, Miss Matilda, I shouldn't worry if I were you," said Percival soothingly. He had lost most of his sleek composure and was sorry of the havoc he had wrought. There were quick steps heard in the hallway and Mazelle and Gardiner entered the room. Mazelle cast an angry glance at Greensleeves and endeavored to console her aunt, but the efforts made no impression. The pent up emotions of the old lady were overflowing in tears.

Seeing that she could do nothing to help her aunt, Mazelle arose and crossed the room to where Greensleeves was standing. His face whitened as he saw the look in her eyes, and his spectacles dropped from his nose.

"I don't know what is the matter with Aunt Matilda," she cried, "but I am sure that you are at the root of all the trouble, you little shrimp." Turning to her sweetheart, she said, "Hunter, will you please remove this person?" Gardiner certainly seemed to enjoy the exercise.

When he returned to the room, he was flushed but victorious. In his hand he held a letter. "Here is a note for Miss Matilda," he said. "A boy handed it to me at the door." The old lady had somewhat recovered her composure and with trembling hands she opened the letter and read it aloud.

My dear Sister:

I am sailing for Europe today with my wife, formerly Miss Perle Barti. We will not return home for several months. I have made arrangements with my lawyers to furnish you a weekly allowance. With love to my charming niece,

Your loving brother.

No one ever knew very clearly what happened after that. One young man remembers that he had both arms full and Aunt Matilda was sobbing—"My children, my children."

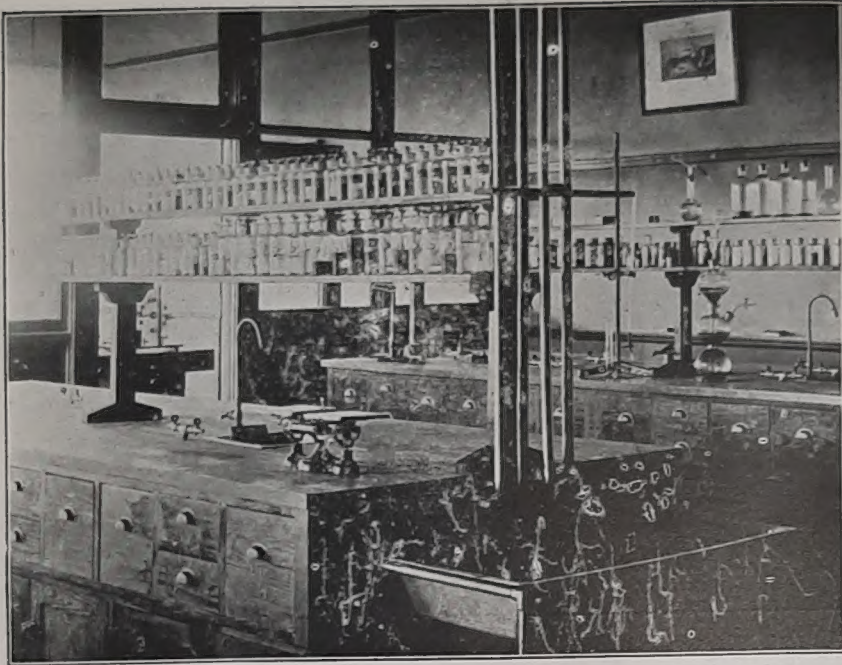
B. T. H. S.



A LEAN TO



BENTON SCOUTS IN CAMP



A CORNER OF THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY



ON THE TRACK

ALUMNI NOTES

Class of 1910

Orlie Clem is now a student at the University of Illinois, after having taught school for a few years.

Curtis Smith is the County Surveyor of Franklin County and works in the abstract office of W. F. Burkitt, Benton, Illinois. He married Beryl Bassett of Providence, Kentucky.

Hallie Clem graduated from The Illinois Woman's College at Jacksonville, Illinois, and is now teaching in Virginia, Ill.

Vashti McCreery has resumed her studies at Bryn Mayr.

Lula Aiken is teaching in New England, N. Dakota.

Robert Edmunds is clerking in a bank at the present time in Boulder, Colorado.

Class of 1911

Robert Hudelson is married to Miss Genoa Aiken, and is assistant post-master at Benton.

Reba Floyd is deceased.

Zella Tate is a stepographer in the Martin Real Estate office, Benton.

Mrs. Gordon Cambell (Cecile Moore) is now making her home in West Frankfort, Ill.

Margaret Ransom has graduated in Osteopathy, and completes the course in medicine this year, in Los Angeles, Calif.

Grace Munday clerks in the Benton post-office.

Mrs. Orval Sloan, (Blanche) Morris lives in West Frankfort.

Helen Ward is a stenographer for the American Book Co. in Chicago.

Allie Davis is a teacher in the Benton City Schools.

Mrs. Frank Seymour (Opal Myers) is cashier for Warren & Burkitt Dept. Store, Benton, Ill.

Stanley McCollum clerks in his father's grocery store, Benton, Ill.

John Clark is clerking in a drug store at Harrisburg, Ill.

Mrs. J. A. Ferrell (Louisa Hutson) is living in New Mexico.

Class of 1912

Jennie Smith, Vivian Fish and Ruth Cantrell are teachers in the Benton City Schools.

William Hart, Frank Carroll and Stanton Fitzgerald are students at the University of Illinois.

Sidney Ward and Ernest Smith are studying law in Chicago, Ill.

Ernest Hampton is married to Miss Simmons and works in Hickman & Hickman's Law Office at Benton, Ill.

Orva Ice is in the State of California, studying to be a minister.

Vastis Seymour is a Sophomore at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Joe Dillon is a Junior at Michigan University, Ann Harbor, Mich.

Mrs. N. C. Clayburn (Olive Potter) lives in Benton, Ill.

THE NOTNEB. '16.

Inez Fitzgerald attended Belmont School for Girls, one year and is now at her home in Benton, Ill.

Gail Hamilton is studying music in Chicago.

Emily Ransom is training for a nurse at Brokaw Hospital in Bloomington, Ill.

Julia Hickman, a graduate of Frances Shimer School, Mt. Carmel, Ill., is at home in Benton.

Edward Kendall is clerking for the Benton State Bank.

Elsie Hall is a stenographer in Prescott, Ark.

Hildred Kirsche is clerking in the Benton Post Office.

Mrs. Marcus Naylor (Evabel Flesher,) and Mrs. Ray Sullens (Madge Neal) both live at Benton, Ill.

Class of 1913

John Ward is clerking in the Ft. Dearborn National Bank, Chicago, Ill.

Miller Adams is a student at the Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.

Carl Howard, Carl Choisser and Tom Browning are students at the University of Illinois, Tom being president of the Sophomore Class.

Margaret Cantrell and Cecile Smith are at their homes in Benton.

Kate Brownlee, Aileen Meads, Lina Webb, Dora Moore and Hazel Reed are all teachers in the Benton City Schools.

Copple Rea is book-keeper for the Rend City Coal Co., Rend City, Ill.

Class of 1914.

Marion Hart and Fern Choisser are both students at the University of Illinois.

Fred Webster is a student at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Robert Aiken is studying medicine at the Cook County Hospital, Chicago.

Helen Jackson is a teacher of music in the Benton City Schools.

Martha E. Hickman is a student at Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.

Elizabeth Smith and Susie Poole are both teaching here in Benton.

Opal Smith and Anna Cosgrove have spent the year at their homes in Benton.

Stella Bray is working in an Abstract Office, at Benton, Ill.

Randall Poindexter is studying medicine at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Crete Hamilton is studying physical culture at Chicago.

OUR GOOD TIMES

THE MASQUERADE

The Hallowe'en Masquerade given by the seniors in the "Gym" for the Juniors and Faculty was one of the most enjoyable of all the informal affairs of the year. The room was beautifully decorated with autumn boughs, cornstalks and other gay decorations. The only lights used were Jack O'Lanterns. The evening was spent in playing "Cairo" and "Virginia Reel," with all the necessary interruptions for going to the fortune teller's booth. The "eats," the best part of all to some, were piled up high on a table in the middle of the floor. Everyone "propped" himself on the chairs which two of the Senior girls had arranged in pairs in the dark, shadowy corners. At the stroke of twelve we disbanded for home.

A SENIOR PARTY

The second social affair of the year was held January the eleventh, 1915, at the home of Miss Pauline Rice. Most of the class arrived with high spirits and anticipating a merry time. For a long time the piano afforded sufficient amusement but suddenly the enthusiasm for music waned—Alex had arrived! He immediately became the center of attraction. This was his first appearance in our midst and the novelty of having a McKendree Senior with a red motorcycle had not yet worn off. Presently the fun was resumed and above all the noisy entertainment of Dorothy and Hallie, one could hear such exclamations as these, "Pit's open, pit's open," "Two, two," "Who will trade three?" and then, "Corner on Rye," or "Corner on oats." Then the game would go on, louder than ever. Finally some of the players became hoarse at this and went into another room to play some innocent game under the name of "Rook." Helen and Alex reigned here and won every game—by foul means, to be sure. There it was that Alex received his name of "Crook." After the dainty refreshments had been served we all had to hurry home in order to get there before Tuesday morning.

A JUNIOR SPREAD

On Wednesday evening, January sixth, 1915, the Juniors had a party at the home of Herman Kirsch. Cards and dancing were the amusements of the evening with some fortune telling thrown in by several of the boys. Several of the Juniors were absent, especially one who had not missed a class party in ages. After a while refreshments were served and the Juniors hied themselves home.

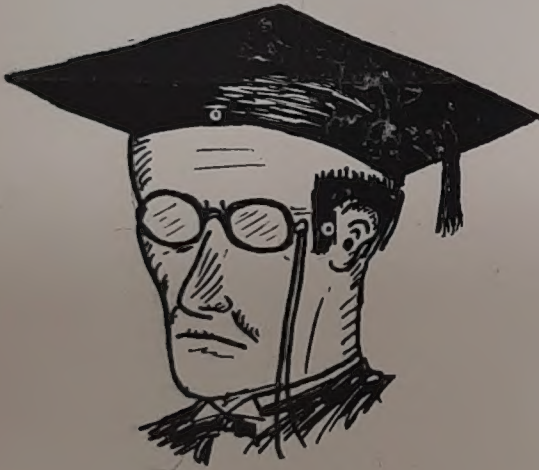
JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

The usual annual reception was given in honor of the Class of Fifteen at the High School Hall, Saturday evening, March the thirteenth, 1915. The hall and library were effectively decorated in the class colors of the Seniors, green and white. The entertainment of the evening had been carefully planned to carry out the idea of a St. Patrick's Day party. The dainty refreshments were green and white. The evening was in all ways the most pleasantly spent of any of our parties before.

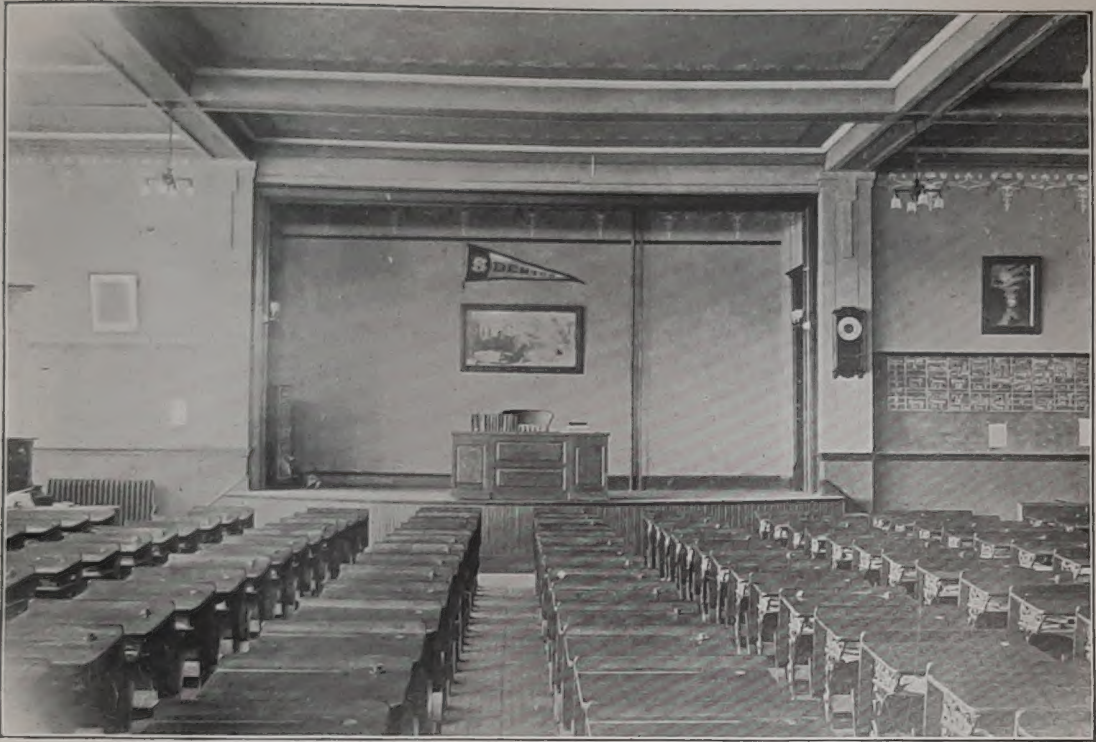
A PARTY OF THE FRESHMEN

The Freshmen held their first party at the High School in November. Everything was beautifully decorated in purple and white. Many contests and games were played. Mr. Kell's quartet was quite a success. We were all surprised at the great quality of their melodious voices. The "Virginia Reel" was one of the most popular amusements of the evening for these "Freshies." Their refreshments, as usual, were the most enjoyable of all.

B. T. H. S.



FRESHMEN AND SENIORS.



THE ASSEMBLY HALL

LOST AND FOUND

(A Letter)

Dear Earl:—

The Sophs are sure going to have a party at Mary Hart's. I am having me a new red silk dress made for the occasion. Why don't I look at you in Geom? The answer is merely I can not. I had a note written to you, but I tore it up. I intended to give it to you this morning. I burnt your note because I was afraid someone would get it. Mamma and Papa doesn't object for me to go with the boys, to and from places and keep company with them, but I think it best to keep the notes a secret. When could you best hand them to me? I can hand them to you after Geom. class if you wait. Can you go to the Soph party? They are planning to have a real good time. I hope the Scouts have good luck about going to Mammoth Cave. Don't hand your notes to Willa anymore. She has just teased the life out of me to know what was in it. I try to make her think it is something I wouldn't tell for the world. We are going to have a ceremonial meeting (Camp Fire G.) Wednesday night. I become a wood-gatherer and receive a pretty silver ring. Farewell,

Pauline.

CAN YOU BEAT THESE?

Crackety bang, meow, meow,
Bing, bang, zippety, zaw,
Halli gasowsky, bow, wow, wow,
Senior Class—Rah! rah! rah!

Riff, raff, smash, bang!
Sis boom, go-hang,
Bow wow, hit 'em again,
The Junior Class is sure to win.

Tiger, Tiger, Zip Boom Bah!
Get there Sophies, rah! rah! rah!
Hi there Freshies, clear the base,
They are sure to win that race.

Hold the hoof,
Hold the hoof,
Hold the floor and raise the roof,
Razzle, dazzle, zizzle, zip,
Go it Freshies, let her rip.

Bing, Bang, Bing, Bang, Boom!
B. T. H. S. White Maroon.

E. S. '16.

LAUGH A LITTLE

Whether You Want to or Not

Hassie, (in chem)—What are you going to do when you have a hypo before a word?

Norvin, (our chem. shark)—Develop it.

Who was it Agnes said would make an ideal Husband?

Alex—A fan was found lying beside some dead men where they had taken turn about fanning the gas away.

Norvin—How do you know they took turn about?

Kell—What makes brick red after they are burned?

Herman—They get red hot and stay hot.

Kell—What makes charcoal burn with a flame sometimes?

Agnes—Coal Oil.

In History, the instructor deprived Johnny Aiken of a plaything. Sybil called out, "Paradise Lost."

If Nancy Browning should look at Bill would Mary Baker?

If Pa bought him some "specks" could Eldred Seymour?

If Pearl can get a man why can't Agnes Hickman?

Dorothy likes Walter, but Madge Moore.

If Hazel goes West, why can't Dorothy East?

If Pauline Rice is a northerner, what is Bill Souther?

ROSES

- Mary Hart—May she never lose her name.
Tim Cantrell—I neither chew, drink, smoke or swear.
Roy Clem—I love muh little text books.
Pearl Moore—Do you think that he really likes me? I hope so.
Norvin—Come on Curly, let's go to town.
Walter M.—Here's to number one, dope her on.
Pearl F.—“These boys are all too sporty for me.”
Newton—Poodles are fashionable and Ruby keeps up with the fads.
Joe Aiken—She's my Willa, I'm her Joe.
Houston—His brain is divided into two parts, Ruth occupying one, Nolen's store the other.
Mary B.—May she never lose her powder puff.
Arlie N.—Ah! Boys, how I love the ladies!
Bob Cantrell—All wool and 3 yards long.
Burleigh Seymour—“Me and my car.”
Roy Brookhire—Roy, do you find life pretty fast in Benton?
Earl Stilley—Fly catcher, and therefore caught a chicken!
Anna Flannigan—Straight from dear old Ireland.

OUR MENU

Roast Pig	Stewed Englishmen
Cremi a la Latin	(served with fried brains)
Butchered German	Sapheads on Toast
Noontime Salad	
(Served with "Too Much Mustard.")	
Pickled Peaches	Soured Crabs
Fresh Lemons	Stale jokes served with prunes

DRINKS

India Ink	City Water a la Fountain
-----------	--------------------------

Can Thelma Fish or Hallie Row—(tramel)?
If Earl winked at Willa would Joe (Ache) in?
If Rhoda made 100 in Latin would Pauline Frier?
If you saw Lake where was Troutt?
When Bill was canned why wasn't Bob Can(trell)?
Ask Hassie who Her(man) is?
Can Thelma Fish for Dewey Troutt?
Junior boys—play tennis.
Alex—Why not grow sugar (cane)?
Senior girls—a hint to the wise is sufficient, don't boss the boys.

ALPHABET

A stands for Agnes, or A No. 1; who's happy now that the Annual's done.

B stands for Byron, the class baby boy, for preaching in his hands is naught but a toy.

C stands for Charlie, the breaker of hearts; a famous cartoonist to draw Cupid's darts.

D stands for Dot, our talker supreme, who is always on hand to root for our team.

E stands for Everett, well loved by us all, but one in particular? No—not at all.

F stands for Frankie, who smiles like a bubble, and always gets ads without the least bit of trouble.

G stands for George Dewey, chief flunker is he, he cares not for science or history.

H stands for Hassie, a big chatterbox, with her sweet smiling face and curly locks.

I stands for Irene, none neater than she, a shark in all studies except Botany.

J stands for Johnnie, a pole vaulter high, but he's loyal to the Juniors who passed him by.

K stands for Kirsch, a favorite of all, who likes nothing better than Basket Ball.

L stands for Leslie, the man of the hour, who makes automobiles that run without power.

M stands for Mid, so shining and bright, she makes the Senior Class teem with delight.

N stands for Norvin, spell his name with one S, that he likes a fair Junior is not hard to guess.

O stands for Orval, another left behind, but if had kept on he would have made a shine.

P stands for Pauline, so dainty and fair, and with all her glory, she's always right there.

Q stands for question, now which shall it be? It can be Rupert or Byron or Walter, you see.

R stands for Ruby, Newton's chief joy, but she's always calling him "Now Newton, my boy."

S stands for Sybil, afraid of no mouse, but she climbs in a chair when one's in the house.

T stands for Thelma, so strong and so brave, a flag of victory she ever will wave.

U stands for uniform, brass buttons and all, which the dear, beloved Faculty now wear in the hall.

V stands for Verne Bower, a thing of the past, who was always so pretty we hoped he would last.

W stands for Walter, the best of the land, who's a friend of the Senior, and always on hand.

X stands for Xcellence, Roy Clem's his name, in History and Spelling he'll surely win fame.

Y stands for those not other "ys" named, if not now, in the future perhaps they'll win fame.

Z stands for Zina, not least but the last. Do you think in this poem we might be surpassed?

HOT AIR

Mr. Hare is gone. Where?—Nobody knows.

Bill Souther and Mary Baker will be married sometime in June.

The Annual Senior play will be given next year as usual.

The Seniors are leaving us never to come back. Boo! Hoo!

Mr. Kell is in love.

The price of lemons is lowered, since the new teachers were hired.

The Junior Boys' Club are still planning their new club house.

The Chemistry class has convened during hot weather.

Sunbonnets are in style.

It's time to begin picking four leaf clovers.

Agnes—Oh, I don't think we can get the annual out after all this work.

Hallie—Well, that don't hurt if you don't. Why don't you act civilized?

Agnes—How?

Hallie—Well, push that hair out of your eyes and quit sweating.

Mid—Does Earl B. go with a high school girl?

Hassie—I don't think so.

Freshie—Is today Friday?

Senior—Go look it up in the weather bureau yourself, I'm too busy.

Freshie—Is chemistry hard?

Junior—No, but the cooking is.

Junior—My, but we'll miss you next year.

Senior—Oh, I don't know, you'll be pretty busy lording it over the Juniors.

ASPIRATIONS

Rupert—to bluff the teachers.
Shad—to be a prize fighter.
Mid—to be a trained nurse and go to Europe.
Thelma—to fall in love.
Frank D.—to marry Rae.
Alex—a gay time.
Earle B.—spend a nickle and think nothing of it.
Zina—the Belle of Christopher.
Roy Clem—a Faculty man.
Mabel—a poetess.
Everett—A heartbreaker.
Pauline R.—to be noticed.
Leslie—Bernice.
Ruby—to get by as easy as possible.
Eldred—to go to the insane asylum.
Nicky—a tough guy.
Mr. Lake—to flunk the Seniors.
Nancy—to go with the boys.
Willa—to keep her "Joe."
Rhoda—to be the prettiest girl in the Soph. Class.
Byron—to make love.
Pauline F.—to write notes to Earl.
Ray W.—to smoke a cigar without getting sick.
John Odum—the would be sport.

A DAILY BULLETIN OF CHARLIE

A. M.

4:30 Rises.
6:40 Makes fire.
7:00 Eats breakfast.
7:15 Arrives at The National Bank.
7:20 Sweeps out.
7:30 Rupert whistles.
7:40 Charlie goes by Dimond's office for Rupert.
8:00 Charlie and Rupert go to school.
8:15 Salutes the Guards.
8:16 Passes into Assembly.
8:17 Speaks to Rupert.
8:18 Rupert speaks to Charlie.
8:20 Throws paper wad.
8:25 Talks to Hassie.
8:30 Throws another paper wad.
8:45 On Monday morning sings: "Little Tin Soldier."
9:00 Halted by Guards.
9:01 Reports to office.
9:20 Returns to Pest House.
10:00 Yearns for apricot pie.
11:00 Takes a nap.
11:30 More apricot pie.
12:00 Hurries down to "Jed's Place."

P. M.

1:00 Strolls down E. St. with Rupert.
1:15—1:30 Studies.
3:40 Walks to town with Rupert.
4:20 Mops the Bank.
5:00 Goes riding with Rupert.
6:30 Eats supper.
7:20 Goes by for Rupert.
8:00 They go riding.
8:30 Goes to five-cent show.
10:30 Rides in Moore's truck.
1:30 a. m.—Retires.

LOST AND FOUND

(For letter refer to page 78.)

Lost—Pest House Rules. Finder will please return to Senior girls and receive reward.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—My Latin dictionary. Roy Clem.

Lost—My reputation. Finder will confer a great favor by returning it to Earle Burgess.

Borrowed—My heart; if the holder will please return goods undamaged they will be highly repaid.
Geo. Dewey Troutt.

Lost—A note. Finder will return with due haste to Earl Stilley.

Found—A speller. Owner please come for it at once. Mr. Lake.

Found—A quart perfume bottle containing Oriental perfume. See Mr. Sofford.

Found—A pencil sharpener and two clock hands. Please call for if desired.

The Gang.

Lost—A Junior Boys' Club pin. Return to Eldred Seymour.

Wanted—A girl who talks little and says less.

Byron Dixon

SOME NEW BOOKS FOR GENERAL READING

Censors—Lucile Aiken, Webb Jones

Scientific Flirting	Nancy Browning.
My Chee-ild Hood Days	Byron Dixon.
Treatise on Bugology	Irene Galvin
Midnight Stunts	Sing Rushing.
By the Light of the Moon	Ethel Rea
How to Become Popular (in four volumes)	Pauline Rice
Taffy Pulling and Other Good Recipes	Alex Mc.
How to Play Basket Ball	Roy Clem.
Manufacture of Engines	Leslie Jones
Turkey in the Straw (Revised)	Leslie Mundell
The Kangaroo Waltz and Other New Dances	Zina Harrison
How to Make Yourself Attractive.....	Walter McClintock.

NOTE—We wish to say a word in regard to the books mentioned above. They were given to us by the best authorities. We will do all we can to help the sale of these books, since they are composed of clean, snappy and up-to-date material.

Signed—THE STAFF, . '16.

B. T. H. S.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

(The Annual Affair)

"SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH"

A Tragedy in Two Acts

LIST OF CHARACTERS

Sam Gushead, the ranch owner Ray Whittington.
Bill Slat, a bloody villain Rupert Cutler.
Emelia Chinstroke, the heroine Irene Galvin.
Mrs. Chinstroke, Emelia's mother Hallie Hickman.
Mr. Chinstroke, a millionaire Byron Dixon.
Mrs. Malone, Mr. Gushead's Housekeeper Helen Cutler.
Mahtilda Malone, Mrs. Malone's child Pauline Rice.
Samantha Malone " " " Mildred Seymour.
Two Cowboys Everett and Walter.

SYNOPSIS OF ACT I

The Ranch of Sam Gushead.

Sam Gushead is a rich ranch owner. The Chinstroke family arrive for their vacation. Emelia falls in love with Sam. Parents object to marriage. Mrs. Malone, also in love with Sam, while Bill Slat is very fond of Emelia. Sam and Emelia determine to elope.

SYNOPSIS OF ACT II

That Night At Midnight.

Two cowboys report having seen Sam and Emelia on their way to the village. Mrs. Malone notifies Mr. and Mrs. Chinstroke. Meanwhile Bill Slat is hot on the trail. Sam, regardless of the path, in his haste falls head long down a yawning precipice. Just as Emelia was nearing the precipice Bill grabbed her bridle and she was saved from instant death. The people from the ranch overtake them and Emelia is restored to her parents. Bill and Emelia are married with her parents' consent, and all return to the city. One year later when they return for their next vacation they are welcomed by Mrs. Malone's daughters, who are now wives of the two cowboys.

Note of Appreciation

This play was quite the "hit of the season," and it is greatly hoped that next year's class can do as well.

FAREWELL

Oh, where, oh where, are the clock hands gone?

Oh where, oh where can they be?

With the bare-faced clock looking sadly down,

Oh where, oh where can they be?

Did anyone here see the sharpener fly?

Oh where, oh where can it be?

If it is not found we will surely die,

Oh where, oh where can it be?

Oh where, oh where has the loved one gone?

Oh, where, oh where can he be?

With the studies cut short, and the cares made long,

Oh where, oh where can he be?

Oh where, oh where have our school days gone?

Oh where, oh where can they be,

Oh why, oh why did they ring that gong?

The last that we will ever see?



EVOLUTION FROM FRESHMAN TO SENIOR.


He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a Freshman.
He who knows not and knows that he knows not is a Sophomore.
He who knows and knows not that he knows is a Junior.
He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

—Dickens

THE NOTNEB. '16.


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Curly—A curl in the middle(?) of the forehead.
 Pearl F.—Sweet, quiet and good-natured.
 Hassie—She's so fond of cherries.
 Mary H.—She likes Hart and Ham.
 Herman.—Dutch's smile won't come off.
 Walter A.—He has just recovered from "Helenitis" but was suddenly taken with "Dorothyologus."
 Pauline R.—Some one else may want to use the mirror.
 Hallie—Her wings are sprouting.
 Roy M.—Too nice to slam.
 Nancy W.—Mother's chee-ild.
 Helen R. The Gibson girl.
 Herman—Nicky, what is an expert?

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NO SHOW

Graduate '15, B. T. H. S. (to the Boss)—What's the chance for a young fellow to begin at the bottom and work up?

Boss—Poor. We're contractors for digging wells.

Ray—Did you tell Bill I was a fool?

Frank—No; I thought he knew it.

Sing—Girls are sure the stuff.

Walter Mc.—"Gimme" a lemonade.

Madge—Laugh and be fat. (?)

Hassie and Sybil—The Golddust Twins.

Johnne Aiken—How I love her!

Agnes—What are the uses of H₂O.?

Anna F.—True Emerald, alright.

Pearl M.—Such eyes are dangerous.

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Norvin—A fellow who tells others how to do the things he can't do himself.

Joe—May I kiss you?

Willa—Isn't that just like a man, trying to put all the responsibility on me!

Parsons—"Confessions are good for the soul."

Walter Mc.—Yes, but it's bad for the reputation.

Mother—Can't you sew that skirt up? You untidy thing!

Marion—I'm gad I tore it, that's stylish now.

He loved a golden butterfly,
Yet could but sit and fret,
He knew to win her none need try,
Without a coronet.

F. C. Hare

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DENTIST

Ward Building

Teacher—This answer is short two cents. Go back to your seat and work it over.

Eighth Grader—Please Ma'am, I'd rather give you the two cents.

Pauline Rice—When a pretty girl lowers her lashes she renders herself liable to the charge of carrying concealed weapons.

Out-of-town-friend—What sort of a basket ball team did you have this year, Ethel?

Ethel—Oh, some of our guards didn't dress so badly, and an back is a perfect dear.

Prof.—Can you name a liquid which won't freeze?

Alex—Hot water, sir.

Rupert—What makes you sit up there and toot that horn?

Helen—Charley told me to, so I wouldn't hear the things he says while he's fixing the car.

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REAL ESTATE

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Eldred—Anybody here seen Nicky?

Frank Rose—Make yourself t'home.

Mabel S.—Afraid to go home in the dark.

Mary B.—Beware! Powder explodes.

Dorothy D.—"Keep your foot on the soft pedal."

Helen C.—Can she exist on brother's reputation?

Why do the Germans spell Culture with (K)?

Because the English control the C's.

Marion—"And all her looks are calm."

Mabel S.—Miss Mabel.

Everett—You can't rush him.

Walter—"His lenses focus on a Dot."

Alumni—Gone but not forgotten.

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